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## The Week

THE acceptance by the German government of Allied supervision of German finances for the period of the proposed moratorium is from a legalistic point of view entirely proper. Germany is in the position of a bankrupt who can still pay something. And bankrupts cannot claim the right of spending what income they may have according to their own discretion. But there are other points of view besides the legalistic. The shattered political credit of the republic will suffer still more rapid disintegration under this new proof that the German state is essentially a conquered province of the Allies. And this raises a grave question. Is it desirable that not only a particular form of government, but a whole people's instinct of political organization should decay? That is what is happening in Germany. The spreading epidemic of political assassination, and the inability of the police to track down the perpetrators of such crimes, point toward a state of anarchy. If a miracle should happen, and the affairs of the Allied

governments were to fall into the hands of statesmen as wise as the present ones are foolish, it would still require many years to repair the foundations of orderly government in Germany.

THOSE who expected tangible results from the Hague Conference have been disappointed. But hardly anyone expected results from that conference. The Entente governments had proclaimed in advance their intention of trying to get something for nothing. They meant to make the Russians load themselves up with promises to pay the Tsar's debts and to restore the private property of foreigners. In return they meant to offer absolutely nothing, not even de jure recognition, as their rejection of Litvinov's final offer proves. The Soviet government had proclaimed its determination to give nothing for nothing. For sufficient credits they might engage to pay the Tsar's debts and compensate the holders of foreign property. They might even admit the debts, in principle, in exchange for de jure recognition. It was impossible to reconcile such sharply conflicting views. Therewith it is proved to the satisfaction of Mr. Hughes and M. Poincaré that it is impossible for capitalistic and communistic governments to have any successful dealings with each other. All that is really proved is that not every bluff turns out a winning game.

THAT abstraction, "an authoritative source", has spoken again in regard to the recognition of Mexico. "Recognition of the Obregon government of Mexico," it tells the Evening Post, "awaits some definite action by that government affirming the announced purposes of the present Mexican officials in relation to matters in which the United States government and American citizens are interested." "Action affirming announced purposes" takes us straight back to the treaty on which Mr. Hughes was insisting a year ago, and "matters in which American citizens are interested" are property rights which no Mexican administration can afford to guarantee at the behest of a foreign

power. Senator Ladd does not exaggerate the dangers in the Mexican situation when he reminds us: "An unholy alliance between certain powerful financial interests and the State Department has already reduced more than one heretofore independent republic to the status of a Wall Street protectorate".

**THE** resistance to the Free State government of Ireland proves to be better organized and more widely diffused than was believed possible. The capture of the Four Courts and dispersal of the irregulars in Dublin has been the prelude of similar engagements in Waterford, in Limerick, and finally in Cork, where the Republicans are making a last stand. There is something very pitiful in this bloodshed between two parties of Irishmen who have so long and heroically been brothers in arms for a common cause, but the conflict has not the tragic quality hitherto characteristic of Irish history. It is not hopeless. It is clearer every day that the victory of Ireland has been won, and it is a victory which Cathel Brugha and Eamon de Valera share with Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins.

**ON** Wednesday, July 19th, a delegation of thirty-five citizens presented to President Harding a petition with upwards of 300,000 signatures praying for the pardon of the remaining political prisoners. In reply the President refused to follow the precedents set by his predecessors and all other civilized governments and grant a general amnesty. These men were tried together and condemned en masse, with brutal haste. Now after a year and a quarter of responsibility the President proposes to do what judge and jury failed to do, try each individual separately.

**CONSIDERING** the rate at which President Harding is able to obtain and assimilate information the prospect for the early release of the prisoners is not good. To his question, what is a political prisoner, he got an answer which he should be capable of understanding. "A political prisoner," said Mr. Hillquit, "is one convicted not for a common law crime involving moral turpitude, but a violation of a special statute enacted in a political emergency which has since passed." These prisoners are all political, and it is appropriate for the President to act on that ground. In handling the cases separately he is subject to special embarrassments. Recently the Department of Justice, in answer to private inquiries, put out the statement that certain of the Oklahoma prisoners had op-

posed the draft by riot, and killed a sheriff and his deputy. Investigation proved that both officers were alive, and that they had been in no armed conflict with the prisoners. From the President's letter to Senator Lodge in which he declares that some of the prisoners were guilty of opposing the government by force, it is evident that he is the victim of the same false and misleading statements.

**WE** have received from William Allen White the following illuminating communication:

I was arrested for exposing poster on Gazette bulletin board. Poster declared "We are for Striking Railroad Men Fifty Percent. We are for Living Wage and Fair Working Conditions." Modified from poster issued by strikers' committee declaring "We are for Striking Railroad Men One Hundred Percent." I did not go one hundred percent because honestly believe that strikers have good cause but bad strike. Governor and attorney general, however, felt that poster was incendiary, and I felt that I should defy their demand to take it down in order to test question whether or not in state wherein martial law has not been declared, where no gun has been fired, and no bloodshed, utterance of any opinion about strike temperately made and in orderly manner is not citizen's right. I am indicted with two strikers I never saw and never heard of and charged with conspiracy to stop Santa Fé trains. State administration holding this placard is picketing in violation of anti-picketing law.

The issue is clearly drawn. Is every strike, under the Kansas scheme of regulation of industrial relations, an insurrection against the state? Is every expression of sympathy with strikers, no matter how good their cause, in effect aid and comfort to the enemy? The decision in the case of Mr. White will show whether the Kansas law is not utterly incompatible both with industrial and personal liberty.

**THE** company union, "free from the Gompers domination," is very much in favor now with the managements of the Eastern railroads. The word union has a pleasantly fair sound in the ears of the impartial outsider; perhaps he may be bamboozled into thinking that the companies are not really fighting union labor. But they are. The hand picked, well domesticated organization formed under company auspices could not possibly defend the interests of its members even if it tried. Wages and hours cannot be set for one railway company without reference to conditions of employment on competing lines. To split the national unions up into company unions is simply to divide and conquer.

TWO months ago an event like the victory of Mr. Howell in the Nebraska primaries would have commanded large space on the front page. Today it is accepted as a matter of course. Another agricultural state has seized the opportunity to vote against the present management of the Republican party. "Discontent of one sort," declares the Times, "stood cheek by jowl with discontent of another and grouch answered to grouch." Mr. Harding no doubt contemplates the Nebraska defection in an even more grouchy spirit. When one has built up his personality on the premise that all is love in politics, it must be trying to be snowballed with potatoes and turnips whenever one comes anywhere near one's neighbors.

SATURDAY, July 29th, is No More War Day. In England, the enemies of war who will demonstrate against it include Bernard Shaw, Maurice Hewlett, Laurence Housman, Siegfried Sassoon, Bertrand Russell, Margaret Bondfield, Jerome K. Jerome, and Robert Smillie. We shall have our demonstration here too; in New York a torchlight parade will form in Union Square at 7:45, and open air meetings, held at Times Square and Columbus Circle, will be addressed by these speakers: Norman Thomas, Harriet Stanton Blatch, Harry W. L. Dana, Darwin J. Meserole, Prince Hopkins, Bishop Paul Jones, Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett and Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook. It is perhaps only through such concerted demonstrations of the will of his enemies that there is hope of slaying the Dragon which still haunts our future.

## Confusion and Coal

IT is no longer disputed by anyone that the country is drifting steadily toward a fuel crisis. The weekly production of bituminous coal has fallen to about one third of normal consumption, and of the reserve stocks, which amounted at the beginning of the strike to about ten weeks' consumption, two-thirds have been used up. The Shipping Board is actively chartering vessels for the import of British coal, but if such imports could be brought up to the amount of half a million tons weekly, that would only be a drop in the bucket of nine million tons of weekly requirements. Anthracite production is more seriously tied up than bituminous, and the summer is moving swiftly toward fall, and the season of sharp frosts and city populations shivering in bleak rooms. Frantic sounds issue from the administration, supposed to

be guarding the material and moral interests of the nation. But the sounds are those of confusion. Harding has played his trump, the majesty of law and the might of the army, but these have not yet dug one lump of coal nor do they promise anything better. What next? Ration the little coal we have, move the coal trains a little more promptly. It sounds like Russian administration in the period when the limitations upon the useful application of force in industry were less well understood than now.

There is no good reason why at this late date confusion should reign, not only as to the practicable remedies but as to the fundamental issues involved. Even a tyro in industrial affairs ought to see that the issues are twofold: first, the issue between the operators and the miners over wages and the conditions of the industrial contract, and second, the issue between the mining industry as a whole and the consuming public. To be sure, the two issues are interacting, but nevertheless they require independent treatment. The miners and operators are interested primarily in wages and profits, only secondarily in the price of coal to the consumer. The general public is interested primarily in coal supply and prices. It is the public that must pay in the long run for the multiplied wastes in the production and distribution of coal, and for the more than occasional gouging that results from a condition of industrial anarchy. The demand for a continuous fact-finding agency is advanced primarily in the public interest. Every consumer has a right to know how much it costs to mine coal, transport it, and handle it locally. He has a right to know what this cost is composed of; royalties, interest on capital actually used or sunk in speculative land holdings; legitimate profits or monopoly extortion. At present he is solemnly informed that if fifty cents a ton is added to the labor cost of mining coal, two dollars will be added to the price he will have to pay. And he would like to know why. What becomes of that additional dollar and a half?

That is the sort of information we need from a fact-finding agency. And this determines the character of the agency. There is no place here for representatives of labor, capital and the general public, but only for experts of known integrity, economists, statisticians, accountants, engineers. It is not a "tribunal" that is wanted, to settle disputes off hand, nor an arbitration commission but a body of scientists whose findings would have only the value of scientific facts. It would have to be endowed with extensive powers of investigation. The things it would be required to bring to light are precisely the things that private em-

ployers try hardest to conceal. To create such an agency in a purely private industry would be unwarranted under our scheme of economic relations. But coal is not a purely private industry. It is affected with a public interest of vital character.

Fact-finding, if it is honestly done, is a slow process, and what is required just now is immediate action. There is an imperative need of finding a *modus vivendi*, under which the mines can be operated and coal production resumed pending the reorganization of the industry. Shall we attain this end by accepting the proposal of the operators of a "fact-finding commission" instructed to ascertain the facts of the present strike—in the union field exclusively—and issue a determination by which both sides must abide under penalty of the law? Penalties will mine no coal. Any determination will be futile unless it commands the consent of both miners and operators. Since that is the essence of the case there is only one practicable way of approaching an immediate settlement, and that is through conference between the parties in conflict. Only a provisional settlement can be attained in this way, not permanent peace. Waste will continue, coal prices will remain too high, but the public is worrying less about the price of coal just now than about the possibility of having to go without.

All this is elementary. Why is it not obvious to the President that after his unlucky experience with a patent medicine remedy compounded of fact-finding, conference, compulsory arbitration and military force it is time to use some of the hard sense that was imputed to him in lieu of more brilliant characteristics? Because Mr. Harding is living in a bygone age, and is surrounded by advisors from the same early geological stratum with himself. He would go back to the era before collective bargaining to find his solution, not realizing that if collective bargaining is not the culminating phase in industrial relations, progress must come through it, not by its repudiation.

## Dime Novels

**T**IME is the satirist in its recompense as in its revenge. Who of that youthful generation who read Dime Novels stealthily and by night, with expense of spirit and waste of shame, imagined that he would one day review his sins by broad daylight in the exhibition room of the New York Public Library? There is exposed a complete set of the once outlawed publications of Beadle and Adams. The thin volumes which were wont to lie so flat under pillows or slip so

readily into pockets are now enshrined in glass cases, and the yellow covers and inky pages which suffered such persistent search and seizure and were burnt so freely as literary garbage are now gathered and appraised as prizes of the bibliophile. Authors, publishers and collectors shine in the light of public recognition. The original Beadle is no longer a corrupter of youth. His photograph reveals a Methodist deacon of the type known as "shrewd but kindly." He might have been one of the Smith Brothers. His house at Cooperstown, likewise in photograph, is unquestionably the home of modest worth. His partner, Adams, is younger, more active, with moustache instead of beard, in public service obviously a Sunday school superintendent, as virtuous as John R. Mott. The collector, Frank P. O'Brien, is given credit for scholarly zeal and acumen, not suppressed as a degenerate. Most significant of all the exhibition is described not as Americana, but defiantly, brazenly, alluringly as Dime Novels.

With this whole phase of literature before us for survey, it is easy to see how this little ill-famed sister of the American novel, in her meretricious charms and draggled elegance, copies faithfully and pathetically the interests and manners of her dignified elder. Mr. Van Doren points out that there are three chief matters of American fiction—the frontier, the sea, and the revolution. The frontier was the theme which belonged primarily and peculiarly to America, and first gave distinction to American fiction in the stories of Cooper, Irving, Simms. These belong chiefly to the second third of the century; in the last third, which was the flowering period of Beadle and Adams, the frontier moved from the Missouri to beyond the Rockies. The Boys' Library pays perfunctory tribute to Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and other early empire builders; but the chief favorites were the contemporary figures. There were "Grizzly" (J. C.) Adams, whose exploits among bears gave him his name; and his nephew "Bruin" (J. F. C.) Adams who succeeded him. The latter was both author and hero, as was the most famous figure of the series Colonel W. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill. Among the frontier writers were Captain Mayne Reid and Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

The sea was a second source of experience and adventure in colonial American life, and furnished the second interest in legitimate American fiction. It divided with the wilderness the attention of the first American novelist. In the Dime Novel, however, it plays a smaller part, perhaps because during the Civil War the American merchant marine disappeared, the whaling fleet followed, and the country turned its back as it were to the

Atlantic and faced to the west. Roger Starbuck seems to have been the most prolific author of sea stories.

The third matter, the revolution, is amply represented, and the titles are attracting—*Stella the Daughter of Liberty*; *A Tale of the War of '76* by N. C. Iron, and *Mad Dan, the Spy of '76*, by M. Quad. It seems rather strange that the Civil War, which began when Beadle had been publishing for four years, did not furnish material for a larger number of stories. Probably the events were too immediate, the tragedy too intimate. Instead of fiction we find a great number of biographies of the Union generals, Grant leading off with the fullest beard on the cover, doubtless prophetic of the richest legend inside. The themes of American fiction after the Civil War appear with the romance of transportation, from the pony express and stage coach threatened by Indians, to the railroad in conflict with train robbers. Business success and the danger and temptations of the city are treated in Albert W. Aiken's *City Life Series*.

Beadle and Adams did not depend entirely on fiction. They exploited the tastes of their public in morals, manners, reforms, amusements, by a series of handbooks. The respect in which oratory was held in the political period of American history and the place of declamation in education, are attested by the numbers of speakers which the firm put forth, the *Hail Columbia Speaker* representing the pure type of patriotic oratory, the *Spread Eagle Speaker*, a more ornate phase of eloquence, and the *Serio-Comic Speaker* presumably a descent to the grotesque. The *Temperance Speaker* marks the application of oratory to a specific reform. A book of etiquette appears; deportment may be cultivated for a dime; and then a considerable number of manuals of sports ranging from chess to croquet. Altogether the Beadle-Adams outfit as it is spread before us by the piety of Mr. O'Brien resembles the complete works of Daniel Defoe. The interests of the American of the latter part of the nineteenth century were not far removed from those of the Englishman of the early eighteenth. The proportion of fiction in Beadle's collection is much greater, it is true, corresponding to the immense vogue which fiction had attained since Defoe wrote his model tale of the frontier in *Robinson Crusoe*; but the disapprobation of the sensationally untrue which Defoe had to meet had certainly not grown less.

The reasons for the extravagant disapproval with which the Dime Novel was regarded in the period of its splendor and danger are today rather difficult to reestablish. Surely, the tales would pass the strictest guard of the movie censor. Their

action invariably tends toward the inculcation of virtue; crime regularly meets its proper punishment; they scrupulously avoid picturing what the censors refer to unctuously as the degradation of womanhood. The truth is that the Dime Novel was regarded as something worse than a waste of time. There had been periods when the virtues of the pioneer, his enterprise, his self-reliance, his courage, his romantic love for the wilderness, had been necessary to the development of the country. That time was passing. To excite admiration for such qualities was to introduce an element of restlessness and disquiet in communities in which flannel shirt and bowie knife had given place to white collar and lead pencil. The boy whose head was full of Indians and gold and bears and mountains was more likely to become a train robber than a useful citizen. In like manner there had been a time when a taste for the sea had been a preparation for life in young America; it was no longer so. The fact that Dime Novels were socially unprofitable because they unfitted youth for careers in ordered society was translated into moral reprobation of a more absolute sort, the deeper because of the strength of the temptation. It was wrong to read Dime Novels because they were so interesting. Like the movies today they were a moral danger because they were so much more attractive than school, church, Sunday school, or "good" reading. And in wandering through Mr. O'Brien's collection one realizes that the moving picture of today has little in the way of sensational appeal over the static picture of yesterday. Here is the frontispiece or one of Bruin Adams' tales, representing two men and a bear just toppling over the edge of a precipice to the line: "And there clinging together they went over into the empty void, still locked in that deadly embrace." Here is the cover of one of Albert W. Aiken's *City Life Series*, on which appears a close-up of Gentleman George, the flowing villainy of whose moustache reminds one perfectly of Blackie Daw. One is tempted to break the glass case to get at the volume introduced by the picture of an iceberg giving birth to an enormous elephant, ready for battle.

A second objection to the Dime Novel was the violent and uncouth speech of most of the characters. It was speech never heard on the lips of mortal men, until it was faithfully copied by youthful readers. Further protest was registered against the preposterous titles. An alliterative extravagance which today is merely humorous was regarded in the sensitive period of the later nineteenth century as a sin against the Holy Ghost of culture.

The title, of course, came to be a convention without which the Dime Novel would not have known itself, but in style it could assume propriety playfully at variance with its libertine character. One suspects that his tongue was in Colonel Cody's cheek when he passed from the title of his romance, "Wild Bill, the Whirlwind of the West or the Buckskin Braves of the Platte", to the first sentence: "Silently, beautifully the snow floated down casting over the earth its downy covering."

Beadle began to publish cheap reading matter in 1857. Thenceforward until 1897 there flowed from the establishment in William Street a constant stream of pamphlets and magazines. Toward the close of the period the stream diminished and at last went dry. So long as the West remained in the forefront of public interest, and Custer's last fight and the Battle of the Big Hole were first page sensations, its popular literature flourished; when it passed, its material became remote and exotic, to be revived with the dignity of romance in Owen Wister's *Virginian*, as themes of piracy and buried treasure are revived in *Treasure Island*.

## What About Our Foreign Trade?

A MEMBER of the United States Senate who may be nameless here since at one stroke he has assured his own imperishable fame, seriously suggested a few days ago that this country would do well to put an embargo on all imports whatsoever thereby giving our own citizens a chance to produce all the goods we need. He did not mention the method in such a juncture of securing rubber, tea, coffee, spices, vegetable oils, mahogany; nor did he go on to argue the equally logical development of embargoes around states, around cities, of hermit wards, blocks, apartment houses. If we have the patience to wait a bit, no doubt these other ideas will be advanced by someone "high in administration circles."

Foolish as is the notion of embargo, it would be hardly more catastrophic than the schedules in the Fordney-McCumber bill, even after the Senate, at last alarmed by the protests of the country, has completed its present process of whitening the more hideous spots on the façade of the sepulchre. For that matter, even under the emergency tariff (doubtless so-called in the justifiable expectation that it would produce an emergency) we are moving toward serious trouble in our international trade relations. In a nutshell, the

world is buying from us more goods than it can pay for. It already owes us (exclusive of government debts amounting to eleven billions) a sum which can hardly be less than three and may be as much as four billions. The disproportion between its purchase and its ability to pay is likely to become greater rather than smaller (and this is especially true of Europe), and every high tariff we place on imports to America helps to make repayment more difficult, if not impossible.

Since the war our exports have exceeded our imports by about eleven billion dollars. That the world now owes us only three or four billions (the figure is almost impossible to compute because of unascertainable factors) is due to the "invisible balance". There is, for example, the gold which has been sent to us, chiefly from Europe. In 1921 the net excess of gold imports over gold exports was \$667,000,000. Added to mine production, our total increase in gold reserve for the year was about a billion, bringing our total up to the staggering sum of \$3,700,000,000. The issues of our national treasury and Federal Reserve banks have behind them at least double the legal gold reserve—a useless and dangerous mountain of metal which tempts us to the unhealthy expansion of currency and credit even if it does not make such expansion inevitable.

Another important factor in the invisible balance is the sale of foreign securities in the United States. From January 1 to April 14, 1922, these sales amounted to \$347,900,000, or were at the annual rate of about \$1,200,000,000 (which is just forty million more than our "favorable" trade balance for the last fiscal year). In 1921 the foreign security sales here amounted to \$628,000,000. In part, these purchases are made by American investors taking advantage of the high value of the dollar abroad, believing it to be a temporary condition; in part, they represent the attempt of American exporters who can spare the money, to get around the exchange problem. Other factors in the invisible balance are money spent by American tourists, sums sent home by our immigrants, interest payments on American securities owned abroad, money paid by American traders to foreign ship-owners and sums earned here by foreign insurance companies.

Every schoolboy knows what no politician seems to learn: that all international trade is really barter. Goods can only be paid for by goods or gold, and there isn't enough gold produced each year in the world to balance the trade between the United States and the western European powers, even if it were available for that purpose, which it is not. When we were a debtor

nation, before the war, we needed a favorable balance of trade in commodities, estimated at about half a billion dollars a year, to offset the flow of European capital into our industries. Today we are a creditor nation. We need an unfavorable commodity balance of about the same amount to offset the payments on Europe's debt to us. Instead of encouraging this, our official government policy as indicated by the tariff-makers, is in the opposite direction. To be sure, our favorable balance has come down from four billions a year to \$1,160,000,000. In money terms, our imports in 1920 were 294 percent of the 1913 volume; in 1921, 140 percent. Our exports in 1920 were 331 percent of 1913; in 1921, 181 percent.

However, the general level of wholesale prices in 1921 moved rapidly downward, with the business depression, from 170 percent to 140 percent of the 1913 average. It now stands at about 150. The real test is to be found in the rise and fall of physical volume of exports and imports, a factor which cannot be deduced from financial records. While making such estimates is very difficult, it is believed that the physical volume of exports declined only 11 percent in 1921 over 1920, while the physical volume of imports declined 19 percent. In 1922 on the other hand, the movement thus far has been toward a continued sharp decline in exports, and a rise in imports.

It is true that, left to themselves, imports and exports eventually will tend to balance. If France is buying more from us than she sells to us, so that exchange is unfavorable to her, her exports are encouraged, imports discouraged, until the exchange is restored to normal. But today we have as factors both the internal depreciation of every important European currency, and the partial suspension of production. Europe must export to us more than she imports, for her own sake and ours; and Europe finds it impossible to do any such thing. For us, in such circumstances, to propose tariffs which will discourage our imports is an economic blunder of the most egregious kind. The Republican party is carrying over into modern times a panacea which, whatever may have been its merits a generation ago, is now grotesquely out of place. These innocents are like amateur firemen pouring kerosene on the flames they would quench.

They will have to learn, from painful and dangerous experience if in no other way, that the world is at present one economic unit. Broadly speaking, all the continents produce raw materials and send them to western Europe (and the north-

eastern corner of the United States) to be manufactured and redistributed. The greater part of the machinery of manufacture is today halted or badly crippled, and the producers of raw materials find their goods unsalable even at falling prices. There is not the least sentimentality in the statement that we must restore Europe if the world is to get back to normal. The notion that we can isolate her and continue alone is about as intelligent as the suggestion that a human being can isolate his heart from the blood stream and get along on his lungs.

## The Sequestered Alien Property

THE administration is to be commended for taking the first hesitant step in restoring to its German, Austrian and Hungarian owners a part of the private property which was sequestered during the war by the Alien Property Custodian. By a joint resolution introduced in the House, it is proposed to return trusts valued at less than \$10,000, and to pay \$10,000 on account of the larger trusts. This will result, it is said by the administration, in returning about ninety percent of the trusts, but in retaining more than ninety percent of the property. Thus a commendable if belated act of good faith is qualified by the reservation that the bulk of the property is still being withheld.

There are several reasons alleged for retaining the bulk of the property, the most plausible of which is that the Knox resolution provided that the sequestered property was to be retained until Germany had made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of American claims." Thus private property which was originally seized for the sole purpose of preventing its hostile use against the United States during the war and which was professedly secured to its owners by a century-old treaty contemplating the very contingency of war, became by rapid steps the subject of depredations by acts of Messrs. Palmer and Garvan, and then a hostage for the performance of governmental obligations by the German government. Yet the war was said to have been fought for the principle of the sanctity of treaties and international law! It was a great mistake at any time to suggest that the return of private property was apparently conditional upon performance of governmental obligations. The two are unrelated. Senator Knox himself, who reluctantly consented to the clause in the resolution, stated that the idea of retention of the property for any purpose

was "indecent" and every intelligent American must realize the effect of the precedent of embargo of private property for the purpose of paying or securing governmental obligations.

The fact now is that Germany, crippled in her financial capacity, cannot pay the American claims for some years to come. Shall Congress therefore retain the property? Or shall it consider Germany's promise to pay as suitable "provision for the satisfaction" of American claims? Or shall sober second sense induce a modification of the policy of the Knox resolution, by an admission of the impropriety of charging private property with liability for governmental debts? The administration, in the policy just announced, makes the statement that "none of the private property of enemy aliens . . . will be applied to the payment of governmental claims" and that "the traditional American policy of not confiscating enemy private property" is to be adhered to. That would indicate that we shall not avail ourselves of the privilege of spoliation which the Treaty of Peace with Germany, embodying the Knox resolution, reserved to us, and which constituted perhaps the most disreputable of the arguments advanced for the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. Although France, England, Belgium and Japan, in the general breakdown of morality which marked the treaty and post-treaty periods, have actually adopted the policy of confiscation of private property, a policy which investors of those countries may have much occasion to regret and which makes those countries unsafe as banking and investment centres, the United States has an honorable tradition to maintain in this matter, which is fortified by our treaties, by international law, and by the promises expressly made when Congress adopted the policy of sequestration. Our national precedents command the unconditional return of the property. If the administration has decided that "none of the private property" will be used for the payment of governmental claims, why should ninety percent of it be withheld from its owners and from circulation? Further retention, when the motive for it has been negatived, would seem unnecessary and to invite temptations of a kind to which the present administration may prove no less susceptible than was the Wilson administration. It is said that pressure is being brought to bear on the United States by Allied governments and bankers to confiscate the property, as they have done, for it is realized that the prestige to be gained by the United States as an investment and banking centre by upholding the security of foreign private property under all circumstances would be a commercial asset that they

have forever lost. Every consideration, therefore, morality, national tradition, treaty, international law, express promise and self-interest, urge upon Congress the duty to enlarge the administration's program by authorizing the return of all the sequestered property.

How shall the American claims be paid? Two ways suggest themselves. The awards of the proposed mixed claims commission may be paid to the claimants in long-term German bonds, which the Allies, through the consideration extended them by the Debt Refunding Commission, must be prevailed upon to permit Germany to pay, or else the United States government should pay the claimants, taking German bonds in reimbursement. Holding, as we do, billions of British, French, and Italian bonds we can afford to hold twenty-five to fifty millions of German bonds, if necessary. Our neutrality claims against Great Britain and France have not yet been pressed, though this was promised as soon as the war ended, nor would anyone suggest that the private property of British or French nationals be used as a means of security for their payment. No more should the private property of Germans, Austrians or Hungarians be used for such an unrelated purpose. In cases where the Custodian has sold the property—an unfortunate authorization by Congress—the original owner should be given his option to take the proceeds or the original property, the sale if necessary being cancelled or expropriated and the proceeds returned to the purchasers. Such an enlightened policy will raise the national prestige immeasurably and restore faith in American traditions and American professions as to the sanctity of private property everywhere.

## *The New* REPUBLIC

*A Journal of Opinion*

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# The Burden of Taxation

PERIODS of business depression such as we have experienced during the last eighteen months are always the occasion for critical scrutiny of the conduct of government. So people are complaining bitterly this year about the burden of taxation in the states. The political air will be filled at the coming elections with accusations in which the "outs" will charge the high taxes to the extravagance and criminal waste of the "ins." All candidates will promise a régime of economy for the future.

The public is likely to get everything out of the confusion of counsel which prevails at such times except relevant facts succinctly put and clearly analyzed. In several of the states special tax commissions have been appointed. These will make an intelligent and concise report on the situation. But in most of our states the voter will go to the polls in a nebulous state of mind. The facts are striking enough so that they may be perused without boredom.

Michigan is a good illustration of the increase in taxes levied to defray the expenses of state and local governments. The state stands sixth in manufactures, both as measured by wages paid and by value added, and still has about one million people living on farms. In 1911 the state and local taxes levied on property amounted to less than forty million dollars. Two years later they were fifty million. During the next two years they increased by another ten million, and by 1917 they were seventy-three million. In 1919 the increase in the level of prices had carried them to one hundred and ten million and in 1920 to one hundred and forty million. Thus far the increase in taxes was to be explained largely in terms of the rising price level and of growth in population, for Michigan has gone from 2,800,000 people in 1910 to 3,600,000, a growth of thirty percent during the decade ending 1920. The country as a whole had grown only fifteen percent in numbers during these years.

Nineteen twenty-one was a year of reduced prices and of greatly decreased incomes, especially in the Middle West. Yet property taxes went to \$158,000,000 in Michigan. In addition the state found it necessary, in order to avoid bankruptcy, to levy \$5,000,000 upon the corporations doing business within the state during that year. This brought the total of taxes for this year of depression to a point more than four times as great as

they were in 1911. When these figures are set down in tabular form they are decidedly vocal concerning the reasons for the general discontent with the tax situation in the state.

| Year | State and Local Taxes |
|------|-----------------------|
| 1911 | \$39,316,000          |
| 1913 | 50,570,000            |
| 1916 | 61,815,000            |
| 1917 | 73,613,000            |
| 1918 | 85,133,000            |
| 1919 | 110,776,000           |
| 1920 | 140,438,000           |
| 1921 | 158,388,000           |

The total money income of the citizens of this commonwealth was certainly not more than two-thirds as large in 1921 as in 1919; yet the state and local taxes were fifty percent higher. The burden was, therefore, two and one-fourth times as heavy last year as it had been two years before.

The situation in other states is not greatly different from that in Michigan as regards the increase in taxes levied, when allowance is made for the fact that this state has grown more rapidly in population. In Kansas, where the increase in population has been less than five percent, taxes have gone from \$28,000,000 to \$76,000,000 in the last ten years; while in Massachusetts, with a growth of fourteen percent, taxes have multiplied by almost three, reaching a total of over \$250,000,000 in 1921 with a population of 3,800,000 people. Ohio has likewise more than trebled her taxes, with an increase of twenty percent in her population.

What is the cause of this increase? A four-fold growth in the cost of government during a decade in which the population of a state has increased less than thirty percent is a significant political phenomenon. The best answer to this question is a table showing the uses to which the taxes collected in Michigan were put in 1911 and 1921.

| INCREASE IN TAXES 1911—1921      |              |               |
|----------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
|                                  | 1911         | 1921          |
| State Tax                        | \$6,523,013  | \$20,452,380  |
| County, Township and Village Tax | 7,399,731    | 24,785,329    |
| School Tax                       | 8,532,432    | 45,633,329    |
| Highway and County Road Tax...   | 4,286,660    | 17,854,661    |
| City Tax                         | 12,344,156   | 49,066,468    |
| Miscellaneous Taxes              | 229,716      | 656,400       |
| Total Taxes                      | \$39,315,708 | \$158,388,567 |

A cursory examination of these figures shows at once that the prime reason for the increase in the tax burden is to be found in the expenditures for local governments. Out of a total increase of \$119,000,000 between 1911 and 1921, \$87,000,-

ooo, or almost three-fourths, consists of school, city, and highway taxes. These the people have voted upon themselves in their own local political jurisdictions. The portion for which the state legislature is responsible comes to only thirteen cents out of every dollar collected from the tax payer.

Nor is this situation at all peculiar to Michigan. The governors of our middle western states are busy these days making statistical "pies." They are drawing neat circles divided into unequal portions by lines running from the centre to the circumference. The portions into which the circle is divided, after the familiar manner of our favorite American pastry, are grouped under titles like "Taxes under the control of the legislature," "Taxes under the control of local bodies." In practically all cases the taxes which the legislature has imposed upon the people for the support of the state government are less than fifteen percent of the total which the people pay.

It seems, then, that state officials can do little to relieve people of this burden of taxation. As long as our American communities cherish the right of local self-government in these matters; and as long as our people desire better schools and better roads, and better city governments, taxes will not decrease but will continue to grow. Assuming that they will grow, the question naturally arises as to the meaning and the ultimate consequences of this invasion of the citizen's income by government for public purposes. What it means politically is for the political scientists to say. Perhaps Adolph Wagner was right when he considered the increase in taxes as a sign of progress in the matter of social and political organization.

On the economic side there are many people who are honestly alarmed about the effects of this increase in taxes. To them it means the impoverishment of the individual, the increase in prices, the discouragement of capital accumulation and of enterprise and initiative. They complain that we have been "bled white" by taxation. Naturally they believe that this growth in the expenditure of state and local governments should be curbed in the interests of the economic welfare of the community.

Now just at this point it is interesting to set down another table of taxes paid. For the taxes discussed thus far are only those paid for the support of state and local governments. The people of Michigan, like other commonwealths, pay taxes to the government at Washington through the Department of Internal Revenue. When we scrutinize these payments for the last decade the amounts which our citizens have contributed to the

support of state and local governments look less appalling. The following table shows the internal revenue collections from 1911 to 1921 inclusive for Michigan, Ohio, Kansas, and Massachusetts.

| UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE COLLECTIONS |             |              |            |               |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------|--------------|------------|---------------|
| Year                                       | Michigan    | Ohio         | Kansas     | Massachusetts |
| 1911                                       | \$7,007,616 | \$21,828,616 | \$554,293  | \$7,397,001   |
| 1912                                       | 7,353,017   | 23,823,945   | 525,804    | 7,223,431     |
| 1913                                       | 8,302,017   | 25,169,957   | 732,152    | 7,239,576     |
| 1914                                       | 9,349,316   | 25,031,263   | 536,679    | 9,116,790     |
| 1915                                       | 11,085,043  | 27,362,756   | 1,101,868  | 12,094,625    |
| 1916                                       | 12,370,451  | 33,743,476   | 1,216,627  | 16,059,025    |
| 1917                                       | 18,765,231  | 51,342,224   | 3,455,541  | 29,796,108    |
| 1918                                       | 103,678,759 | 300,816,780  | 29,211,777 | 191,814,298   |
| 1919                                       | 134,413,873 | 260,005,897  | 29,381,392 | 245,731,169   |
| 1920                                       | 283,296,024 | 373,747,085  | 41,263,378 | 352,022,252   |
| 1921                                       | 272,394,285 | 285,668,533  | 38,689,552 | 259,865,214   |

In these four states the payments to the federal government exceed the total taxes for state and local purposes by a liberal margin in 1920 and 1921. In Michigan they are almost twice as large. A decade earlier these collections had been less than one-sixth of the state and local taxes. For these states the total internal revenue collections have multiplied by twenty, while in Michigan they have increased almost forty-fold. When all these taxes are taken together the total contribution which the people of Michigan have made for the support of all government through the payment of taxes has risen from \$46,000,000 in 1911 to \$430,000,000 in 1921.

Now the very immensity of this increase raises a doubt concerning the supposed ill effects which follow from an increase no greater than that which occurred in state and local taxes. Evidently this increase in the burden of taxation has not greatly repressed the growth of population in the state, for Michigan has increased more rapidly in population than any other state east of the Rocky Mountains. The total savings bank deposits in the state in 1911 amounted to \$190,000,000. By 1921 they were \$485,000,000. Even now they are on the increase. Nowhere in the state does one find any lack of prosperity or well-being. Truly the war revealed taxpaying abilities of which we had not dreamed.

It is not the purpose of this article to point a moral, but rather to set down a few significant facts concerning one of the most vital subjects in modern industrial society. Yet one is tempted to observe two things. First, that practically every social reform which has ever been abandoned for lack of funds could have been carried out with the money which we spent on war. And second, that the plea that expenditures for education or any other form of governmental activity for the benefit of the public must be curtailed for lack of funds cannot be treated seriously by those who know the facts. One million dollars a year, judiciously spent

in promoting better agricultural methods in a state like Michigan for a decade, would increase agricultural production by more than thirty percent without any growth in our rural population. That is a mere bagatelle compared with the money which we are contributing to the federal government to pay for war.

Some day we will come to a full realization of the economic power which was revealed to us between 1917 and 1920. When we do we will formulate a policy in international affairs which will place us in the position among the nations which our industrial power entitles us to occupy.

DAVID FRIDAY.

## Prague and Vienna

THE traveller who passes from Vienna to Prague is aware of a startling change in the mental climate. Outwardly there is much to remind him that the two cities once led a common life. Prague has the advantage in a situation which none of the greater cities of Europe can equal in beauty, and it has conserved what Vienna has almost wholly lost, the charm of its old-world streets. But the architecture of the modern quarters is very similar. An identical civilization had shaped both cities before the collapse of the Hapsburg realm. The Czechs, moreover, though they seem a simple peasant people in comparison with the more elegant and gracious Viennese, have not the striking physical idiosyncrasy of the Serbs.

But mentally one has passed a sharply delimited frontier. Here all is optimism, self-confidence, and stubborn will. Prague has no doubt of its own capacity to face all that may come, and it is proud, and rightly proud that it has made of its new estate the one vigorous "going" concern in post-war Europe. It was not an easy task. A people which had organized itself for a generation mainly for opposition and agitation, was suddenly called to the responsibility of construction and administration. It chose to face its responsibility without asking or even tolerating the collaboration of the big German minority, which possessed the tradition of orderly work. Its finances were in the first months as chaotic and hopeless as those of Austria, and it, too, had felt the curse of the hunger-blockade. Politically it was not and can never be a unitary national state, and it is still somewhat doubtful whether the Slovaks will fuse permanently with the Czechs, to form a racial majority. It has passed through crises in which communism seemed to be, for a moment, a possible cause of disruption.

This sturdy people has gone to work, as its way is, boldly, confidently and at times roughly, and it has done what human will could do, to deserve and achieve success. Its currency is sound, and none the worse because its krone has been stabilized at

a tenth of the nominal value. It is the accepted leader, under the shrewd guidance of Dr. Beneš, of the whole Mid-European world. It is, beside a passive Germany and a flighty Poland, the one soberly active and creative force of the middle continent. Nor do its ambitions lack a wider horizon, for the Czechs, always inclined to think of themselves first of all as members of the Slav race, dream busily and methodically of an economic penetration of Russia, and even, I suspect, of something little less than the leadership of the whole Slavonic group.

It is with an effort that one turns from this scene to the resigned passivity of Vienna. That unhappy city has indeed outlived the tragedy of rags and starvation of which I was a witness three years ago. The outward misery of patched clothes, wooden soles, meatless weeks, unlit streets and hungry children is a thing of the past. The birth-rate has crept up till it just passes the lowered death-rate. Wages are about what they are in Germany, one half of the pre-war rates. Society has been turned upside down. The old classes which had the culture and the grace which gave Vienna its unique distinction, intellectuals and aristocrats alike, have gone down into the abyss, and an unpleasant scum of gamblers and speculators has replaced them.

But the real contrast with Prague is spiritual. In one respect Vienna has not changed, since my visit of three years ago. It still debates the interminable theme, whether Austria is "capable of life" (*lebensfähig*). "Debate," however, is an inaccurate word, for Austria is all but unanimous. It does not believe that it can live under the conditions which the Allies have made for it; it never did believe it. It has survived without the will to live, and the clear knowledge which it has possessed of its own unpromising conditions, is itself a factor in its ruin. The Czechs if placed in the same plight might conceivably have suffered less, thanks to their less lively wits and to their tougher will.

The exchange is the accepted register of the

course of this debate. The collapse which in ten days halved the value of the crown meant nothing more or less than that all Viennese society was suffering under a sudden paroxysm of certainty about the eternal riddle. It hardly helped that Paris and Prague and Rome all proposed to hurry forward the promised credits. That meant at best a reprieve. The doses are as small as they are belated. In the distant hope of some more adequate aid from the "Morgan" Anglo-American banks, few really believed. Dr. Otto Bauer did indeed suggest a new move towards union with Germany in the shape of a currency alliance, but it was only a diplomatic manoeuvre. Everyone realizes clearly enough that France will no more tolerate an economic union with Germany than she will forego her right to veto a political fusion. The official world talked rather helplessly of drastic economies, of a new Bank of Issue, and of patience until the saviours from the west have had time to study the niceties of Austrian bankruptcy. The common folk were cold to these new palliatives. The popular talk was of a resignation in despair. Let the Allies take over responsibility for their still-born child. Would it be much worse if Paris should really bid the Czechs march in?

The sharp impression of this contrast had faded before I had spent a week in Prague. For under the outward buoyancy and resolution, the Czech Republic is also passing through a severe economic crisis. Her coalfields are accumulating hillocks of unsaleable coal. Her textile factories work rarely for more than two days a week. Officially it is not admitted that there are more than 100,000 unemployed, for that is the number receiving relief. But neither the numerous workers in home industries nor the short-time workers are included, and it is possible that the real figure is nearer 300,000 or even 400,000. Not less than a million persons are affected in a population of 13,000,000, half of it agricultural.

The explanations which I received did not differ widely. Deflation and a stable currency have their disadvantages. The effort to balance the budget, which has nearly succeeded, means heavy taxation and heavy freight charges on the state railways. Prices are high and are rapidly rising to something not very far from the English level. Czecho-Slovakia is much the dearest country in Central Europe. The employers, greatly aided by the criss-cross splits among the workers between German and Czech, Socialist and Communist, have made in recent months a successful assault upon wages, but though far from adequate they are still double the German average. Czech industry faces the same problem as our own, of competition with

countries which have a lower exchange. It protects its home-market not merely by high tariffs, but also by a rigid war-time control, which allows no transaction, whether of export or import, without a license. The National Democrats (the industrial capitalist party) though weak in Parliament, control the powerful bureaucracy and also the banks, and they suffer very acutely from the common folly of wishing to sell without buying.

In addition, Germany has by far the stronger business organization, and even Vienna retains connections and goodwill which Prague regards with envy. The broad fact is that from a variety of reasons, partly political, partly economic, Czech industry, which in the old days held its own in the broad markets of the Dual Monarchy and in the Balkan States, is now struggling to retain or regain a footing. German goods of all kinds, Italian textiles, and of late even British textiles and coal are competing successfully with Czech production, where once it was supreme. I was startled when a moderate Czech labor leader, a strong supporter of the governing coalition, opened a conversation with this bold generalization: "We have got to face the fact that we cannot expect to maintain our industries on the old level. We had eighty per cent of the industry of the former Austria. We used to produce for 75 millions of men. Then our home market was the Dual Monarchy with its 50 million population. Today we have only our own 13 million." The speaker is a stout Czech nationalist, and he had certainly no idea that he was passing sentence on the whole policy which balkanized Central Europe. He went on to talk not very hopefully of the possibilities of emigration (chiefly to Russia) and rather more hopefully of settlements and intensive agriculture in Slovakia.

At this point I felt that the mental meridian of Prague is not so distant from that of Vienna as I had supposed. Everyone knows the case against the economic disruption of the Danubian area as it presents itself to the Viennese. They have lost not only their markets and their port, but their natural sources of supply for food, fuel and raw materials. It is this which makes their case so nearly hopeless. Foreign capital could readily be found to develop their water-power, to finance their once flourishing industries, and even to meet their budgetary deficit for two or three years, if there were a reasonable prospect of their regaining the old markets and recovering the old sources of supply. The frontiers are the obstacle, and worse than the frontiers and the tariffs are the prohibitions and the mad dance of the many cur-

rencies. Hitherto I had not realized that these crazy conditions hit the Czechs also, for they were the most influential exponents of the policy of disruption. They insisted on including within their own borders the German speaking areas in which industry and coal are concentrated, and now they are beginning to perceive that the old level of production and prosperity cannot be maintained.

Why is it, then, that the Czechs resist, so stoutly and unanimously, the policy of economic union, which is commonly known under the rather misleading name of "Danubian Confederation"? Dr. Beneš was kind enough to give me his reasons very fully and clearly. He argued firstly that any union as wide as the old monarchy is impossible. Poland is too big to be included, and Galicia has fallen to her. Yugoslavia needs no such association and has nothing to gain by it, for she has access to the sea, and as a producer of food can never lack markets. Rumania, with ports and oil and grain, is in the same favorable case. There remain Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Hungary. They certainly might gain by an economic union, but to their association Dr. Beneš saw two fatal obstacles. First, they would inevitably strive for access to the sea, which would be fatal to peace. Second, the Czechs would be in a decided minority, and would be confronted by the old German-Magyar combination. I did not attempt to discuss this argument, which in this form may be unanswerable, though I can detect no affinity today between Austrians and Magyars. The time to have made the union was clearly in 1918, as a condition of the immense (and excessive) territorial gains of the Slav allies and Rumania. In present conditions it may well be impossible, and the French have made it more hopeless than it need have been by toying with the Hapsburg interest.

Dr. Beneš went on to develop his own solution. It is, of course, the Little Entente. Of its military aspect, as an overwhelming alliance for the maintenance of the status quo, he did not speak. Rather he insisted on its economic side. He is engaged in working out commercial treaties with all its members, and from this profitable mutual exchange he by no means excludes Austria, or even Hungary. It was clear, however, that what he has in view is not any system of free trade, or even of low tariffs. It is rather a net-work of "compensation" treaties, which provide for the favored exchange of certain specified goods. From this system there would not result any general freeing of trade, by which a state with weak bargaining power like Austria, might profit. But in many ways (and this week by the voting of a credit) Dr. Beneš has

of late shown himself disposed to develop neighborly relations.

It is hard to feel anything more than tempered optimism which hopes that year by year, as the ghastly follies of the work of the Paris settlement are realized, partial ameliorations may make existence a little easier in Central Europe. It will not adopt federation even in the restricted sense of an economic union, nor will France for many a long year abandon her veto on Austria's union with Germany.

But the economic problem is not alone decisive. Hungarian reaction and revanche provide an all too plausible excuse for the heavy armaments of the Little Entente. Yugoslavia, for all its racial homogeneity, is a caldron of nationalistic strife. In Czecho-Slovakia the racial struggle, though it now observes the decencies of civilization, is still acute. The period of crude oppression, from which at first the German minority suffered, is well over. It is now possible to talk German in the streets of Prague without molestation, and the Legion, which was the chief cause of the early violence, is now disbanded. All the Germans whom I met spoke with appreciation of President Masaryk and of Dr. Beneš. But the latter, though his energy and adroitness make him a valued servant of the Republic, has no party of his own behind him and does not even belong in any full sense to any party. His power to restrain the Chauvinists is limited, and it is the National Democrats and the Clericals who seem to be gaining influence.

The Germans have a strong case against the ruling Czech coalition, and though I listened only to their most moderate representatives, and weighed the Czech replies carefully, it seemed even stronger on the spot than it had done at a distance. A little fact like the police prohibition to show any German signs in Prague, even over goods in a shop window, makes its steady impression. The fact that a large number of German schools have been closed, and a much larger number of schools deprived of one or of several classes, is excused on the ground of economy. It is true that a ruthless axe is at work, and it is fair to add that a few Czech schools or classes have also been closed. The rule is that any class with less than forty children may be closed, and by that measure several German grammar schools with from twenty to thirty children in each class have been destroyed. Such a rule would make an end of good teaching in any country. But the damning fact is that in many instances the German local authority offered itself to save the schools or classes, by financing them with its own resources. They were none the less

ruthlessly closed down. I followed the debate, and to this decisive point the Minister had no answer, save that he had observed the regulations. To me it seemed that this one fact exploded all his elaborate statistical apologies. What is intolerable, given the unhappy racial past of this country, is that the fate of German education should lie uncontrolled in the hands of a Czech official, who by his own decision can deprive a district of education in the mother-tongue of the rival race. There is little hope that the Czechs will even consider a grant of territorial autonomy to the German regions, but full self-government in education, from the elementary school to the university, is a demand so reasonable, that foreign public opinion should insist on its concession. The language question can be definitely solved only on Swiss lines.

But, while the language question and the school question attract attention because they admit of precise debate over definite facts, there are other matters which are no less serious because they lend themselves less readily to proof. The stringent bureaucratic control over all export and import trade by the license system, the rationing of raw materials and other like facilities have undoubtedly been used systematically and ruthlessly to undermine and uproot the leadership of the Germans in industry. Firm after firm has had to ransom itself from this pressure by admitting Czechs to its directorate or by diluting its whole staff, or by transferring its business to Czech banks. The agrarian law for the breaking-up of large landed properties, though it may have originated in the land-hunger of a peasant-folk, has also been used for nationalistic ends, to introduce Czech settlers (usually Legionaries) into German districts. It is the same policy which earned general execration for Bismarck, when he followed it in Posen against the Poles. It has not as yet gone very far, but its comparative failure by no means excuses the manifest intention.

Socially and economically alike, the curse of aggressive nationalism has been stamped by the Versailles settlement over the whole of central and eastern Europe. The Czechs chose to impose their constitution, drafted by a non-elected assembly, to which no single German representative was invited. Until they have the grace to go back upon that initial error, and to discuss the necessary changes with the moderate and reasonable majority of the Germans, their capable and vigorous republic can maintain itself only by force.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Prague, June, 1922.

## The Highbrows' Revanche

THERE are no adequate explanations in history. Always the effect outgrows the cause, miraculously, or turns to the unforeseen, the degenerate, the ridiculous. Try as hard as you may, you will never be able to give a satisfactory account of the conditions that set in motion the triumphal procession of the self-styled and accurately styled low brow, with the elite of art and science and philosophy clanking along behind in chains. Not that it is difficult, or necessary, to explain the mood of the low brow. As Philistines have always done, he imputed to his peculiar virtues all that fell to him by impersonal luck. What can't be sufficiently explained is the self-deprecating mood of the high brow.

Economists will tell you that the decade ending in 1910 was one of remarkable growth of private fortunes. That was the lush June of the consolidation movement, when adding factory to factory and mine to mine proved the laws of arithmetic inapplicable in the pecuniary field, where two plus two made not four but forty. New gold hung low over the heads of the lucky, and as has been known of old, the color of gold, when seen from the under side, is the color of omnipotence. There is real power in gold, but the decade in question imputed to gold more power than it has ever had. And it was not unnatural that those who felt this untried power growing in their hands should have had a sense of personal enlargement and validation. The low brow might have secretly surmised a direct relation between his insensibility to aesthetic and intellectual values and his personal success, but he would never have asserted it openly and boldly if the high brows had not fallen into defeatism, and surrendered merit as well as luck to the low brow. It was the high brow who raised the question whether the engrossers and trust magnates were not after all the poets and philosophers of the age, and himself a wretched changeling, possessed of the honored name but with thin, counterfeit blood in his veins. Who was it that had been created in the image of God, the pale intellectual, rearing idea upon idea in a structure that a breath might topple over, or the exultant artificer of trusts, welding factory to factory with clanging blows? The low brow accepted the homage of the intellectual in pleasant good faith. Yes, he was the real man; he had suspected that, all along. Plain living and high thinking for the high brow; good living, lusty action, and low, succulent thinking for the low brow. In low brow eyes the joke was colossal.

But beware of the intellectual when he lapses

into humility. For humility is not an honest characteristic of intellect. It is a screen behind which the wheels and pulleys of a machination are quietly being organized for the revanche. Could greater humility be conceived than that in which the prophet Samuel poured the oil of kingly power over the luxuriant locks and low brow of the casual son of Kish, vacantly seeking for his father's asses? That was not real humility, but only hibernating pride in the heart of the old intellectual, forced by the popular whim to this surrender of power. How in a later spring Samuel's pride came forth raveningly, to rend Saul's spirit and send him in horror to the grave is known to everybody. At the very time when the submission of our high brows appeared most complete they were instinctively casting about for a new weapon. And they found it in the neglected science of eugenics.

The poor we have always had with us, and the misfit and unfit, sequestered in institutions or lost in slums or among backwoods shadows. What better occupation could there have been found for the discredited high brow than to classify and analyze these extreme unfortunates, and perhaps find means for relieving the burden they might impose upon the public treasury and private sympathies? Our popular scientific journals made even the veriest low brow familiar with the distinctions between imbecile and moron, between moron and man, humanoid and human. They set forth engagingly the elaborate scheme of puzzles and traps by which an unlucky fellow who has passed simply as rather dull is degraded to the hopeless status of irresponsible moron. They dwelt menacingly upon the hereditary character of mental defect and hinted at the desirability of preventing reproduction from germ plasm tainted with moronism. This was a pastime in which all could join. It is easy and safe to kick those who stand on the bottom rung of the ladder.

Well, what deep laid high brow plot lurked in all this? None, apparently, so long as the tests and the analyses were confined to the social detritus. But the tests began to be applied, out of idle curiosity, more generally. And then it was revealed that not all the morons are in the feeble minded institutions. Not by a long shot. They are pretty well distributed through the various walks of life. And another thing, of more direct importance. It was found that moronism does not disqualify a man absolutely for practical success. There are good artisans who are morons. The successful business man who is a moron has been caught and mounted by the scientists. Nobody not an expert would be able, by looking down upon the hall of Congress, to determine that there are no

morons there. And it is impossible for anyone by introspection to make sure that he does not harbor a moron within his own skin. There are a lot of people who have fallen into the terrible suspicion that this might be their case. They wouldn't for the world have intelligence tests applied to them.

The matter might not have assumed so serious an aspect if a high brow Secretary of War—characteristically nicknamed "Newt"—had not contrived to apply the intelligence tests to the whole young manhood of the nation. Who would have supposed that we, a people elect of God, were producing morons by the million! Inevitably the fact became known through even the remotest villages. Everybody learned the word moron—it is running "damn fool" out of the language—and learned also to recognize the ear marks of the defect from the young fellows culled out of the cantonments and shipped ingloriously home as useless junk. A wind of whisperings fluttered the leaves of all the woods of America. "Say, did you hear about Jones' boy Sam? Him that was always braggin' about the salary he was makin'? They found he was nuthin' but a mo-ron." "A mo-ron? Gosh! And him engaged to Ella Stevenson. Poor girl!"

Gradually, insidiously, the lore of the moron is working its way through the popular mind, casting down one system of values and setting up another. Where before a man passed unquestionably on his face and his clothes and his income figure, he now encounters from time to time a trace of reservations, a scrutinizing glance, and he wishes he had not spoken that sentence, which sounded all right at first. As formerly, the tin mongery king will occasionally remark, in exultant self-depreciation: "You know I don't go much on Bee-thoven and them classical fellows." But if one looks at him calmly, scrutinizingly, a shadow of uneasiness falls on his fat face. "He's puttin' me down for a moron. Damn him, I could buy up twenty fellows like him, body and soul." There is not, however, so much comfort in the thought of buying power as there used to be. When one feels himself under suspicion of moronism every gold brick he ever bought comes back through the years to bruise his pate. "But there's my boy John. Just as bright as anybody, if he'd only apply himself." It is known to our tin mongery king that all morons reason about their sons like that. The college authorities, who put John through the intelligence tests, must know, but confound them, they won't tell. And as like as not, if John did badly in the tests, the college is inferring that the tin mongery king himself is a moron. As if it didn't take two

to make up a heredity, and as if John's ancestors on the maternal side had all been bright.

The low brow's rule has been shaken, his nerve has been shattered. The high brow is reaping the fruits of his machinations: moronology is doing the job. The low brow may still enjoy the good things of the flesh; the high brow must still live with painful plainness. But the lusty sense of personal triumph is fading out of the low brow's soul. It is as if a curse had fallen upon him, a curse whose corrosion works forward and backward through the generations.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

## A Deportation and the Aftermath

**T**WO years ago Palmer's Red Hunters invaded Belleville, an Illinois mining town across the river from St. Louis, and retiring to that city, took with them two coal miners. After much questioning both men were released without bond and sent home with the admonition to attend closely to their own affairs. Time passed and Belleville forgot the incident. Last April, two years afterwards, one of the men was ordered to St. Louis where he was informed that his case had been decided at Washington and that he was to be taken to Ellis Island immediately for deportation. He was not permitted to return to his home to bid his wife goodbye. Mr. Daugherty's agents started him for Ellis Island on the noon train. Within a few days John Yerob was on the high seas and on his way to Austria, his birthplace. Back in Belleville was his wife who would within two months give birth to a baby.

So sudden and so quiet was this action that John Yerob's friends were bewildered and helpless. They consulted an attorney, who telegraphed Congressman Rodenburg of this district. Nothing happened. A day or so later one of the miners mentioned the Civil Liberties Union and telegraphic appeals were sent there. It was too late. John Yerob was gone.

This man's crime against the government was membership in the I. W. W. when as a single man he had been a migratory worker. The other miner taken with him in the Red Raid proved himself an American citizen and has not been bothered since. Yerob was under the impression that he was a citizen and had voted in a presidential election. When a lad of fourteen he had come to this country with his stepfather who became naturalized and this, Yerob thought, gave him citizenship.

Within a very short time Mrs. Yerob was destitute. Yerob, like many coal miners, had extremely poor work for more than a year preceding the coal strike. He had practically nothing to leave the woman. The strike was on and the miners could do no more than give limited donations from the scant treasuries of their local unions. Much was needed in this broken home, little could be given.

Shortly after the baby was born I went with a welfare worker to see Mrs. Yerob. It was the evening of a hot day. Sunset had brought little relief. The woman lay in an upstairs room with only one window. No air stirred. She was fanning herself—the fan a cardboard advertisement of a local merchant. Upon some folded bed quilts spread across a trunk lay the baby, one week old. So tiny! Less than three pounds. It cries little. It has spasms. The mother has no milk and artificial milk must be given through a medicine dropper. I reached to take the little thing into my arms, instead I had to hold it in my hands. Mrs. Yerob, an American born woman, comes of German stock and reflects the sturdiness of the European peasant woman. One naturally would expect the baby of such a mother to be born strong and healthy. But the Department of Justice had laid its heavy hand upon this home and left its mark upon the child. The American government struck at John Yerob and dealt a blow that reached another generation.

We did not find a crushed and beaten woman. She greeted us with eager, questioning eyes, leaning forward as if expecting to hear some news. I dreaded the questions that would be asked her, but she told her story with much fortitude. "I hate to complain," she said when asked what was needed. "I never had to ask for help before. You see it was like this. Two years ago they come and searched our house and they found John's card in the I. W. W. and the books and things. You see John was left an orphan and when he come to this country he was only fourteen years old and he had to look out for himself, you might say. So he just wandered around here and there. Out west there you had to belong to the I. W. W., John says. He says you can't even get a meal in some of them places unless you have a red card. John never thought it was a crime and we just kept the card and books here in the house and that's how it was. They took him so quick he didn't have a chance to do anything about it. The lawyer that he had two years ago sent him word one evening to come to his office in East St. Louis the next morning, so my sister went with him and then they had to go to St. Louis. Sister came back but John didn't. She told me they just

took him to Washington but right away I found out that they took him to Ellis Island to deport him. They wouldn't even let him come back home just once. Not even to tell me goodbye or——"

There was a long silence and then she was asked about money. "John left me with just his last pay and that was only one day's work as he only got in one day on that pay and that was every cent we had. You see John had poor work for more than a year. I kept boarders up until—as long as I could, and that helped out some but I couldn't keep that up and John had such poor work we couldn't save to get ahead. Most all the mines around here had slack work for a whole year you might say before the strike. I don't know what I would of done after they took John away if it hadn't of been for the good union men here in Belleville, God bless them. I wrote and told John how hard they were trying to help me and he wrote back and said to tell every man how thankful he was and that he never knew before how many friends he had."

Her doctor's bill would be paid, she told us, through a collection to be raised about town. The doctor had ordered a trained nurse. "He said it would die if I didn't get a nurse. Of course I've got nothing to pay her with but I'd do anything to save this baby—John loves children so—we lost our other one. The night before they took him away he said, 'Laura, I wonder if I can hear its little heart beat.'" She fell back on her pillow and cried aloud.

The welfare worker wanted to bring in some friends to hear Mrs. Yerob's story. Dr. B— and his wife, good Christian people, lived in the neighborhood—Mrs. B— was on her Board—and if anyone would help this woman, they would.

The good doctor and his wife who lived just around the corner were as far away from this woman and her world as if they had lived in Timbuctoo—they had never heard of the case. Mrs. B—'s official connection with the Red Cross—another one of her charities—had brought her nearer to the refugees of Denikin's army than to this sorrow-stricken woman in her own neighborhood. They weren't interested.

Dr. B— was a man not to be fooled. "Who took him? Who saw them take him? Did you see them take him? Most likely he is up some alley now. . . . You say they are taking up a collection for the doctor—why, I've treated case after case like that and never got a cent for it. There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. . . . Now, what was it this man did? Oh, an I. W. W. I see!

You can be sure the government knew what it was doing—they don't do things in a hurry at Washington. You say they first caught him two years ago—well, they've had two years to investigate him and they've got the goods on him and deported him—that's all there is to it. . . . An I. W. W.?" He turned to the welfare worker who ventured the opinion that perhaps we didn't know just what an I. W. W. is. "Why, I'll tell you what an I. W. W. is. He is anyone who is for anything but the United States. He's all against this country and this government." Verily, the best minds are not all in Washington-

When I went again to visit Mrs. Yerob the baby was two weeks old. The nurse was gone and beside the bed stood Mrs. Yerob, weak and worried, bending over a sick sister. It was evening. The other sister was in the next room sewing. This she does nights, when she can get it to do, in order to supplement the factory wage which she told me is seven dollars a week. There was little food in the house. The Red Cross had come no more. Twenty dollars in contributions from miners' locals had been turned over by Mrs. Yerob to the nurse as part payment on her bill of eighty dollars. There were only fifteen cents in the house that evening.

"It never rains but it pours, so they say," said Mrs. Yerob. "We've got to move. The house is sold. So far I have kept up my rent and gas but now I can't, and who'll want renters who can't pay? All I could do would be to take in washings but I am awful weak yet and someone has to take care of sister here and I don't want to neglect my baby for anything, but what am I to do? What can a woman do? A man could—"

She had heard from her husband. "John has hopes of getting back. Do you think he will?" What could I say? I could only join my hopes with hers. I turned the talk to babies, telling her of my own baby, but that set her talking of the days and nights when she was waiting for her baby to be born. "How did I ever live through it? How did I ever live through it?" she would ask over and over. "Those terrible days, those long, long nights of waiting. If it hadn't of been for my sisters—they talked to me day and night. . . . We went hungry more than once but that was not the worst of it. . . . At times I was actually crazy, I know I was. . . . I can't tell you, I can't tell you how awful it was. And will he come back yet? It seems I've been waiting for years."

And there I left her, waiting, helpless under the burden of her cross.

AGNES BURNS WIECK.

## Texas Lights

### DEFINITIES

THE light everywhere is ineffable, blue, clear like glass, perfect. There is no illusion here, no vain hope, but only the fatality of beauty and event, only action and desire and abundance within limitation. The far-off lines of the hills are clear as patterns, their outlines cut sharply against the sky; there are no mists on them, they end forever where the long lines of them are drawn. The days are blue, and the light on the ground is as clear as the sky itself. And near at hand every form attains its shape in the complete light, and establishes without confusion the character of its mass. The light defines the many leaves on the trees and plants. The shadows of the leaves on the wall seem to hang in the air and not to rest where they lie; and they are suspended there blue like spots of moonlight. The Spanish Bayonet grows high; the light falls on the leaves with their brilliant edges like steel. The fine, clear leaves of the oleander are gray-silver; they are beautiful as laurel wreaths in poetry; they stand intertwined with their shadows in the delicate shade that glows among them.

And strangely enough it happens in this land flooded with sun and color and the shining happiness of it, the one voice of nature everywhere is the dove. At every hour of the day can be heard the dove's long, sweet, melancholy call. In all this clearness and finality of beauty and changing life, the dove's long note persists, calling again and again, always, from the ground somewhere, in this world of light. From the fields and from the wood, from the low pastures near the river, and from the places where old houses stood once but are burnt down, only the chimneys and crêpe-myrtles standing now, the dove's voice comes. It has the sweet despair of all poetry; it is elegiac; you seem to hear very gently the mournful, eternal grace of it; the sad heart of bright days that pass, that pass away.

### THE LADY

It is still early and most of the houses are closed. A boy on a motorcycle is riding along from one side of the road to the other as he throws newspapers on to the lawns. On the corner of one of the houses clammers a vine covered with little puffs of white flowers that have a strong sweet smell in the morning air like mimosa. Crêpe-myrtle bushes, shell pink, stand here and there with their delicate, myrrh-like fragrance. Pigeons walk up and down along the edge of the roof cooing.

It is one of those Texas days that begin by being gray. Gray fleeces of cloud hang across the dome of the sky and darker masses lie in drifts around the horizon. Among them pale blue patches appear and disappear. The lines of the hills in the west are green-gray, and the valley lies quiet between, filled with shadows and little spaces of yellow-green and a mist of leaves where the mesquite trees are and the young cedars.

In the stillness I can hear people walking about in some of the houses. Now and then cocks crow from far-off yards and dogs bark. And from the little cabins along the creek the sound of the work-day beginning increases; you can hear doors opening and voices and rattling of chains, and then the sound of an ax on wood and a Negro man singing. More blue comes out. The wheat patches look golden instead of green. The adobe hut of a Mexican slips into the sunlight and stands white as alabaster against

the green country. White rocks appear along the ledge above the cliff.

I hear a beautiful voice behind me asking a question—the resonance and sweetness of it creeps through the veins: “Will you be so kind as to direct me to the San Antonio road?”

I turn and see a light wagon, on the point of falling to pieces, with two thin horses, unshorn and caked with mud, standing in the road. On the front of the wagon-bed sits a woman, and with her a boy of ten or twelve. She is past fifty, and is more draggled and worn, if possible, than the horses. She and the boy hang their feet almost to the ground. She wears an old felt hat and a dingy coat that was made for a man, and broken shoes with no stockings, and her face is wrinkled and her dark hair faded.

“I’m afraid we’ve lost the way,” she says, as I lift my hat. She speaks English with a perfect accent and smiles as one might in a drawing-room, tilting her head slightly to one side as she speaks. Her great gray eyes look at me graciously and quietly.

I tell her the way to the San Antonio road, pointing off to the southwest, and she thanks me very much indeed, I am very kind; and touching her horses with her broken whip, she starts on.

One would like to talk with this woman. To ask her who on earth she is, with that manner and that voice and accent and smile like Ellen Terry’s. What can she be doing here in a Texas road with that old battered wagon, and barelegged like that and in such rags? And is there any end to the ways life will go in Texas? But she has no apology to make and no explanation, and one cannot intrude; and can only lift one’s hat again and turn away.

### LA GOLANDRINA

On the wind blowing from the south there comes the hum of a guitar. The wind moves steadily through the branches of the liveoak outside my window, and against the wind the notes of the strings strike like stars against the line of the night. A light begins to glimmer on the stones of the white road and on the yellow wall opposite. Then three Mexicans come along, one of them carrying a lantern which shines against his wine-colored trousers and casts long, fantastic shadows across the road and on the wall. A girl with a red shawl over her head and shoulders follows them. Her white skirt covered with deep ruffles hangs below the shawl. On the far side, the man nearest the wall carries the guitar, and now he begins to sing, and the girl with him, a heavy, wild, high song, in their metallic voices, passionate and animal, plaintive, old as the night itself.

A donde vas veloz y fatigada,

La Golandrina que de á qui se va.

They pass and their music fades with the lantern light on the road and the wall, and leaves only the steady, quiet wind in the liveoak.

And the next night I am at dinner in the patio of the Hotel Menger. Above the wall of the court glows the deep blue of the sky. A poplar rises overhead; vines hang on the white walls around, and clumps of oleanders rise here and there with their beautiful clear-edged leaves and pale-rose blossoms. In the fountain a little stream of water splashes. Three Mexicans with a flute and violin and guitar are playing La Golandrina, and over the sad, half-wild music and the voices of the guests, you can hear the wind in the poplar.

Then the flute alone plays, winding its reedy, boyish

voice through the old song. Underneath it after a while the guitar begins to stir, low, softer than summer. Then the musicians drop all to a minor key and are silent; and presently the flute begins again, alone, La Golandrina. The wind rattles the poplar leaves overhead. The little voice of the flute stands apart from the scene; it is like a shepherd boy coming up along a hillside in the starlight, delicate, slender, solitary.

STARK YOUNG.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Wages of Railroad Employees

**S**IR: In the article, Labor and the Rail Board, by Mr. Benjamin Stolberg, published in your issue of July 5th, Mr. Stolberg says: "The new minimum wage for about 250,000 section men will be \$11.04 a week."

As ascertained by the statisticians of the Labor Board, the minimum rate of 23 cents an hour, to which he is here referring, applies to 6,700 employees now at work on a few divisions of a few railways in the Southwest and Southeast. Under the Transportation act and the decisions of the Labor Board, this minimum can apply on no other divisions and no other railroads.

Throughout his article Mr. Stolberg gives the impression that this minimum rate has been set up by the Railroad Labor Board as a standard of living for American families throughout the United States, in fact, it applies in the Southwest and Southeast to a few unskilled laborers, mostly unmarried, and usually living in box-cars furnished by the railroad company. All of these men live where the requirements and cost of food, fuel and clothing, are lower than in other sections of the country and where the prevailing rate for unskilled labor is lower than this minimum in outside industries using labor of a similar character.

There are American railways which cross the Mexican border and on the other side of the line they get this same class of labor as low as 7 cents an hour. All of these facts were known to Mr. Stolberg and the records which prove them were placed at his disposal.

Mr. Stolberg's figures just cited give a working idea of the accuracy of some other parts of his article. I will not tax your space by going into great detail. The harm that can be done by such propaganda has already been wrought.

However, there are one or two of Mr. Stolberg's utterances which cannot be allowed to pass. He says, "The railroads argued that an American family can live on \$563 a year; that it has no right to more than one or two children." No such statement has ever been made by any representative of any American railroad in any hearing conducted by the United States Railroad Labor Board since the day of its establishment. The transcript of the hearings held by this Board before its recent decisions was available to Mr. Stolberg had he chosen to read it. Mr. Stolberg did not read the record and he did not attend more than three daily sessions of the Board while the hearing was in progress. I attended those hearings and I know that no such statement was made, nor any statement from which Mr. Stolberg's assertion could be fairly construed.

Referring to the strike settlement of October, 1921, Mr. Stolberg says: "But on the eve of the strike the Railroad Labor Board promised not to consider further reductions until the entire problem of working rules was disposed of, and the strike order was cancelled." This is a plain misstatement of fact. Mr. Stolberg was informed of what the Board actually said, and what it said is a matter of public record. Mr. Stolberg's context shows that he states the matter in this way in order to insinuate bad faith upon the part of the Labor Board. What the Board actually said in its memorandum issued at that time was that it would not consider any further readjustments, up or down, of the wages of any class of railroad employees, until the pending disputes as to rules and working conditions for that particular class were disposed of.

The trend of Mr. Stolberg's article is to the effect that under the recent decisions of the Railroad Labor Board the employees are reduced to a condition worse than that which prevailed before government control of the railroads (December, 1917).

Here are the facts: Under the present decision maintenance of way employees will receive a wage with a purchasing power 44.5 percent greater than that which they received prior to December, 1917. Machinists will receive a wage of 18.8 percent greater purchasing power. Carmen a wage of 45.7 percent greater purchasing power. Clerks will receive a wage of 44.7 percent greater purchasing power. Common station laborers will receive a wage of 51.5 percent greater purchasing power. Signal men, maintainers and assistants will receive a wage of 67.2 percent greater purchasing power, while stationary firemen and oilers will receive a wage of 94.1 percent greater purchasing power than that which prevailed prior to government control of the railroads.

Despite all the so-called "subsistence budgets" which Mr. Stolberg notes approvingly throughout his article, railroads cannot pay more wages than their receipts justify. To meet these standards of the budgets which Mr. Stolberg refers to, it would be necessary at once to increase the revenues of the railroads over \$1,000,000,000. If one of the budgets were followed the increase would be \$1,834,778,865.

To the existing railway managements this would be quite a problem. I have heard of no demand from labor, business or the politicians for an increase of freight or passenger rates. Even Mr. Stolberg has been silent in this respect.

I am certain that every one of the nine members of the Board will vote for a minimum of \$10,000 per year, if Mr. Stolberg will only tell them where the money is to come from.

HARPER LEECH,  
Publicity Secretary,  
United States Railroad Labor Board.

Chicago, Illinois.

[After minute perusal I seem to discern five charges in Mr. Leech's letter.

1. That I wrote: "The new minimum wage for about 250,000 section men will be \$11.04." He omits my next sentence: "The average wage will be \$15.69." But even so, what's wrong?

2. That I wrote: "The railroads argued that an American family can live on \$563 a year." I plead guilty. The railroads asked the Board for the discretionary power to pay for common track labor the minimum adult, male wage paid to unorganized and unskilled labor in the respective sections in the country. And in connection with this plea Mr. Egan of the Illinois Central told the Board that in the Southwest and Southeast this is \$281.40 a year. See Proceedings, U. S. R. R. Labor Board, Docket 1300, Vol. 1, pp. 42, 44.) The Board raised the ante to \$563 and the roads accepted.

3. That I wrote: the railroads argued "that it [the American family] has no right to more than one or two children." Guilty again. The roads did not ask the Board to enjoin the workers from having more than one or two children. Mr. Walber of the Eastern Roads argued from the last census that the average individual has only one and four-tenths (1.4) persons dependent upon him,—one wife, presumably, and four-tenths of a child.

4. That I was guilty of "a plain misstatement of fact" in reference to the cancelled strike of last October. He quotes my statement and then what the Board "actually said." I see no appreciable difference. But whatever scholastic difference there might be, my more concise statement expresses exactly the spirit of the understanding between the Board and labor, and the subsequent docket bears it out.

5. That "the trend of [my] article is to the effect that under the recent decisions . . . the employees are reduced to a condition worse than that which prevailed before government control of the railroads (December, 1917)." I never said such a thing. What I said was: "these decisions . . . put labor back to worse than pre-war conditions." According to Congress (see Excess Profit Tax Law) the last full pre-war year was 1913, and not 1917, which was notoriously the worst year in the purchasing power of American labor. For excellent reasons railway economists measure the purchasing power of rail wages by the standards of 1914 or 1915. And measured by these standards the purchasing power of all the railroad workers under the A. F. of L., excepting the maintenance men, has lessened. The purchasing power of the maintenance men, who are the lowest-paid in the industry, has increased only negligibly. If Mr. Leech had read the dissenting opinions in Decisions 1028, 1036 and 1074, all of which are based on Department of Labor statistics, he would have seen how absurd and grossly misleading his figures in this connection are.—BENJAMIN STOLBERG.]

## Mr. Beard on Property and Politics

*The Economic Basis of Politics, by Charles A. Beard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.*

**I**N his gallant campaign against political superstition Mr. Beard has encountered at every turn the confusion of mind which says that an institution cannot be of noble value unless it is of noble origin. Exactly what Mr. Bryan feels dumbly when he talks about "evolution," Mr. Beard's critics feel when they talk about his "materialism." They mean that man cannot become an angel unless his ancestors were angels, and that the Constitution is not half so great as we wish to think it is, if we recognize that economic interests were involved in the making of it. For among the political theorists who have denounced Mr. Beard the ancient aristocratic theory of life still prevails. When they talk of the highest things, they feel they must forget about labor and property and money.

This opposition has aroused Mr. Beard. He is determined to talk about labor and property and money, rather than about pure reason and the rights of man. He is determined to make everyone who reasons about politics think and talk about them. He knows too much history to doubt that there is an intimate connection between property and politics. His eye is fixed on those who prefer to deny the connection, and he comes at them from all quarters armed to the teeth with argument and evidence to prove the connection. In two crucial books, the one on the Constitution and the other on the Jeffersonian Democracy, he has demonstrated a connection with such wealth of detail that these works mark a turning point in the interpretation of American history. And now in four attractively written lectures, delivered at Amherst College, he extends the argument into a generalization about politics at large.

As a polemic against vacant political theorizing, this little book is invaluable. But as a scientific concept, Mr. Beard's generalization seems to me to call for rather more thoroughgoing criticism than I can find in this book. For once you grant, as I certainly should, that an intimate connection exists between politics and property, you cannot stop until you have made up your mind what that connection is. And I at least, as an ardent admirer of Mr. Beard's work, have never been able to discover in it a clear conception of how he thinks economics determines politics.

I am in doubt as to what he means by "The Economic Basis of Politics." Does he mean that economics is one of the bases of politics, or that economics is the one basis of politics? The very word basis strikes me as confusing. For it is a concealed metaphor with a flavor of eulogy about it. Suppose he were talking about the "basis" of some other human activity, say automobiling. What would he call the basis of automobiling? Would he say it was the combustion engine, the art of metallurgy, the capitalistic organization of the mining industry, the technical schools for engineers, the class of potential automobile buyers, the psychological equipment required to drive an automobile, the good roads movement? Nobody would, I imagine, think of picking out one of these elements to say that was *the* basis of automobiling. He might say that one element was more indispensable than another, the combustion engine more necessary than macadam roads. But if he were eschewing rhetoric, he would probably not speak of *the* basis of automobiling at all.

Now I am in real doubt about the sense in which Mr.

Beard uses the word "basis." I think he is in doubt. I think his energy is so much occupied in pounding home a realization that there is a deep connection between economics and politics, and in the joy of depicting unsuspected connections, especially where there are sacred cows, that he has not stayed to make it clear what kind of connection this deep connection is.

Let me illustrate from his text. He is discussing the French Estates General of 1789. He points out the presence of three classes, the clergy, the nobility and the bourgeoisie. He notes that this grouping of classes was converted by a show of force into the National Assembly. And then he says: "Had the clergy and the nobility been willing earlier to surrender some of their privileges, and concede to the third estate a fair portion of political power, the history of the desperate years that followed the peaceful revolution of 1789 might have been far different."

Mr. Beard makes this remark and passes on. But if you pause over the remark you are bound to ask yourself questions that Mr. Beard does not seem to have asked himself. The French clergy and nobility had privileges, economic privileges if you choose to make the word as inclusive as Freud makes the word sex. Theoretically their politics should have turned on defending those privileges. The best way to defend them, says Mr. Beard, was to yield some of them. Here was the true line of self-interest. But, instead, the upper classes "defended" their privileges by a political policy that led to the destruction of those privileges.

There is then no necessary connection between property and the possession of political ideas which lead to political acts that serve the best interests of the property. And because there is no necessary connection, the economic interpretation of politics seems to me a misleading half-truth whenever the man who uses it fails to make clear that the connection between economics and politics is not one of total cause to total effect. Property is a very significant element, but it is an element that acts causally in a highly complicated mixture of tradition, of stereotypes and of special circumstance. And therefore, no historian after the fact and no statesman dealing with the future, can by inspecting the distribution of property deduce from these data alone the political behavior of men.

He cannot do it because he does not know how men will conceive their property. He cannot tell by analyzing the objective interests of property how those interests will be subjectively regarded. He does not know, for example, from the organization of property alone whether the owners will commit suicide as did the French nobility of 1789 or save themselves by wise concessions as did the British nobility of 1832.

That property interests play an immense part in politics remains true. If you define property widely enough to include anything which men wish to possess that is limited in quantity and that is affected by someone else's desire for possession, then economic considerations take in a very large part of the whole field of political controversy. Thus the use of the air has until recently entered very little into political discussion. For the needs of our breathing air is unlimited. But for flying and radio the air is limited, and with flying and radio, therefore, the rule of the air becomes a political matter.

But how an economic interest appears in politics is the really difficult question for anyone who needs no more converting to the notion that there is a connection. Mr. Beard should, I think, work on the nature of that con-

nection. And when he works on it he will surely have to abandon the assumption—which I think he has taken over largely uncriticized from the early nineteenth century intellectualists—the assumption that men instinctively pursue their own interests knowing what are their interests. To accept that premise is to deny the most obvious everyday experience: that having economic interests, yet we are perpetually puzzled how to preserve or to enhance them. For nothing is easier than to be mistaken about our interests. Nothing is commoner than to own property, misunderstand it and so mismanage it.

Before the economic interpretation of politics is a really reliable instrument, it will have to be overhauled radically by men who realize that the connection between property and politics, though intimate, may be a connection of error, as well as truth, folly no less than wisdom, superstition or technical competence. There is no direct and single chain of cause and effect between ownership and political action. The chain is variable and complex, and therefore the analysis of economic interests seems to me to be only a partial clue to politics.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

## Three Ages of Fiction

*The Heretic*, by J. Mills Whitham. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

*Intrusion*, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

*Narcissus*, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. \$1.75.

MR. WHITHAM'S novels have achieved a certain consideration in England, perhaps, as Mr. Aldington suggests, as the result of his pertinacious insistence in producing "the kind of novel he had determined to write." It therefore becomes of interest to inquire what that kind is. Recognizably it is the mid-nineteenth-century, Victorian novel, of which Charles Kingsley furnished notable examples. It is true Mr. Whitham holds his theme securely and develops it through the career of his hero, without irrelevant comment. It is, however, such a theme as Kingsley would have chosen, stated in a long dedication much as Kingsley would have stated it. "There are a few men who work quietly and stake reputation, health, sometimes life in effort to win a true self-expression; we understand the exact relation of Raymon Verne to that company; and to acknowledge this is my aim." Raymon Verne's self-expression is through his practice of manipulative surgery in the face of the persecution of the medical faculty. This occupational theme does not afford much richness of incident, and the episode of love and tragedy introduced by Violet Pickthorne is of precisely the arbitrary sort which belongs to a pattern of fiction rather than life. The novel is a matrix of exposition containing mosaics of hard, uncolloquial speech—precisely the technique of the mid-Victorians—relieved by passages of charming appreciation of reality in the landscape and local types of North Devon—precisely the relief which Kingsley gives us.

*Intrusion* is an examination of life with far more penetration and brilliancy of technique than *The Heretic*. It represents the period of the psychological novel, from the analytic method of George Eliot to the behaviorism of Miss May Sinclair. Its basis is an English family of the modern centrifugal type, familiar to us in *The Tree of Heaven* and *Dangerous Ages*, into which intrudes an alien figure, a girl, the modern Cytherea, who takes captive by her

beauty the males of every sort. The thesis is as simple as that of *The Heretic*, but its illustration is far more various and interesting. Its chief fault is that it forces the note: we believe in Roberta's conquest of Jan, and Allan, and Martyn, and Douglas—but not Dick. Not Dick after Caryl had decided that she wanted him. Nevertheless, *Intrusion* is a capable piece of work in the accepted manner of the day, not without distinction.

To pass to Mrs. Scott's *Narcissus* is to emerge from the present into a futurism which the future will probably disown. Mrs. Scott is concerned with sex as is Mrs. Seymour—with sex working like yeast in the dough of the society of an American town or city—we are not sure which, for Mrs. Scott has conscientiously suppressed her background in favor of the bare relations of her characters. These relations like Malvolio's are all poisoned by self-love. Mrs. Scott is far beyond Mrs. Seymour in her reading of passion—and as for poor Mr. Whitham he is but a pallid sail in the offing—but like Mrs. Seymour she forces her note. The reader will feel that she collects more abnormal cases than are likely to be found among a group of casually selected local Americans. The neurotic Julia, the sadistic Dudley, the masochistic Charles—they seem to exist in part at least as an evidence of Mrs. Scott's scholarship. Artzibashev could make us believe in them in Russia, but not Mrs. Scott in simple, healthy, honest America.

Mrs. Scott's method is expressionism. The implicit is brought to the surface, and the explicit is suppressed. The inanimate world takes on with her an entirely modern look. While Mrs. Seymour timidly commits herself in her early pages to a reference to a "futuristic lawn," Mrs. Scott does not hesitate to say flatly that "the green grass was like mist over the fields" or "the white plates looked secret with reflections." Mrs. Seymour lets her characters make rather free with clean profanity, but Mrs. Scott jabs us more than once—though not so often as in *The Narrow House*—with the unhandsome word "buttocks." But a page of the text is worth ten of pettifogging analysis.

Finding herself futile and inadequate, it seemed to Julia that her pity for herself must include all the things that surrounded her, and that she must embrace them in the mingled agony of self-contempt and pride. It was because she did not love him that it liberated her so completely to give herself to him. She tried to abase herself utterly so that she might experience the joy of rising above her own needs.

Her tears were on his hands and he was bewildered. The contagion of her emotion overpowered him. He was equally astonished at her and at himself. For a moment he was unable to speak. 'Oh, Julia—my Julia—I love you.' He could not comprehend himself. Why was it that even now, when she surrendered herself to him, he continued to feel helpless and almost terrified? He had not imagined that she loved him as deeply as this. His desire to abase himself, though it arose from a different motive, was as complete as hers. 'Julia,' he kept repeating, 'don't! What is it, Julia? Don't.' He wanted to kiss her feet. What is it? What have I done? He found himself at the mercy of something unknown that was cheating them when they should have had happiness. 'Do you love me, Julia?' He observed her expression of tenderness and suffering. Yet, while she was telling him that she loved him, it seemed to him that he was ignored and obliterated by what she was feeling.

At the close of Maupassant's sketch, *The White Wolf*, a girl exclaims: "It is fine to have passions like that." It must be fine even to understand them as Mrs. Evelyn Scott does.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

## A Page of the Drama

**MR. GALSWORTHY'S** *A Family Man* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.00) is a satire around the idea of a domineering male in a middle-class English family. One daughter has left home to study and to live, though rather against his convictions, out of wedlock with a young man. The head of the family is to be the next mayor, and it is necessary that the daughter return to his roof to prevent scandal. In the progress of affairs his political chances fade in the glare of the revolt of the females connected with him, the two daughters, the wife and the French maid. But after all nothing happens; the mayor business is spoiled, but the family all comes round again to the safe way of seeing things, and the fear of scandal, where nothing else can, puts the women back in their proper places.

So far, so good. Mr. Galsworthy in this play as in most of his work succeeds in preserving the intention of dealing with a worthy situation and worthy characters. But as in most of his work there is only this honorable intention; the content is slight so far as creative power goes, though the problem-spotting and the journalism of it all may be admirable and expert. But surely no intelligent person could have taken *The Skin Game* very seriously. And nobody could take *A Family Man* as biting or brilliant satire. It never furnishes even for a moment one of those sharp surprises or revelations or flashes of clarifying wit and devastating and riotous light, that make up the genius of satire. Facile patter around the idea of the changing forms of society and very little else this play remains; and finely illustrative—this time in the realm of satire—of Mr. Galsworthy's facility and limitations.

*The Ship*, by St. John Ervine (Macmillan Co., \$1.25) is another story of English family life and parental authority. The only son of a great shipbuilder in his revolt against machines and their betrayal of humanity, refuses to throw in his lot with the business. He gets a farm and goes back to the land. The great ship that will startle the world is about to be launched, the maiden voyage is at hand, and the father's illness prevents his going. The son is forced to choose between leaving his farm for the voyage or letting his father die in the attempt, since his father is determined that some member of the family be aboard. News comes then of the sinking of the great ship—very much in the Titanic school of shipwreck—and the father's death. And the old mother, who has shown a deep and attractive kind of understanding all through the play, remains to support her son in his despair and self-reproach.

In places a good play, *The Ship*, especially when the old mother is ruling the scene. But the pattern of it is limp, the motivation is loose. The whole thing is one of those made-up plays that often quite able Englishmen write, plays that run amiably through a mildly tragic world of mild creation and insight. In a sort of softened and sweetened Manchester School of Drama vein *The Ship* might turn out to be more or less actable.

Shakespeare in Shakespeare, *A Play*, by Messrs. Bax and Rubinstein (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$1.50) is portrayed through his affair with the *Dark Ladie*. The effect of a lost love and shallow nature on his great soul is shown, ending with the sombre and final days in Stratford.

From the claims of the publishers we are to infer it seems, that there is something very daring in thus making Shakespeare human, a man of whims and passions like the rest of us. And with the result, we are told, that all

England is talking about this play. If all England were talking about this play, all England would be a very silly place. For nobody can object to making Shakespeare a man; and only fools ever imagined that he was not one. The thing is, how, without genius, to achieve a humanity for him of words, ideas and actions, sufficiently beautiful and spacious, and piercing, various, lucid and dark, to represent the man who wrote the sonnets and Hamlet and Othello and the rest. Making Shakespeare a man is not a very daring dramatic dream; but making your man a Shakespeare is quite another matter. And it will not be done by trimming him to sentiment, or by fitting in Shakespeare songs at appropriate moments all through the play, however dear their memory may be as they arise from the street below, from young gallants come awooing, and from heaven knows where. Pretty but not important all this, as is most of the fiddledediddle of this sweet and safe little tune around a great human being and his radiance and danger and shadow and abundance.

Anyone with even a fairly good ear who has listened to Mr. Granville Barker's plays in the theatre will have noticed, in the discussion scenes especially, that there is something that never quite comes off. And one's ear will discover at length that this is due partly to a peculiar lack of emphasis in the writing, an absence of the ictus, of a kind of defining pulse and vitality of approach and attack. You get an impression with him that there is something that diffuses and scatters the direct focus of his mind upon his idea.

In an odd and interesting way exactly this quality appears in Mr. Barker's *Exemplary Theatre* (Little Brown and Company, \$2.00) and in the absence of the exigencies of theatrical dialogue, of the pressure of the stage moment, there is even more of it. The book is hard reading because of its lack of outline and definity paragraph by paragraph, and even sentence by sentence sometimes. There is an agreeable intention of informality; but it is without the pungent beat, the tap, the blow, the accent, the stress that direct and clearly-felt talk might give. The same is true, I think, of the thought, the ideas, the statement of the author's theory. They fail, not always but much too often, to take on body or outline. The writing lacks in some indefinable manner the carrying lucidity that would launch the book into our minds and imaginations, and would pinch us with the necessity of its proposals. In sum, it is very hard to remember just what Mr. Barker has said and what he does want to happen in the theatre.

But in spite of all this Mr. Barker's book is worth the running to read. Its point of view is sound and based on good experience. It bears the impress of fine associations with men and intellects of distinction and importance. And it reminds us yet once again of the neglect and significance of the theatre as a social institution.

Most—nearly all—of the books in English on the theatre never talk about the art of the theatre at all. They never see it in its own kind. They talk constantly about literature, about stage painting or about acting, but especially about literature, and never for a moment about the art of the theatre. Mr. Barker knows better than that. He knows that this art is distinct from all others, with its own problems and ends, as sculpture differs from architecture. And when he talks he deals with the art of the theatre. For this, if for nothing else, his book is worth its salt.

S. Y.

## Anatole France

*The Opinions of Anatole France, recorded by Paul Gsell. Translated by Ernest A. Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

*On Life and Letters, Third Series, a translation by D. B. Stewart. New York: John Lane Company. \$2.50.*

IT was a genuine occasion—Jaurès' birthday—and straggling marchers with red banners were paying a shrilly enthusiastic tribute of song at once to a great leader who was dead and to a revolution that was surely coming. A day of nervous excitement, of rumors of battles with the police, of hard brilliant sunshine, of hoarse defiance, of gestures, as when a maimed soldier amid wild applause pinned his medal at the foot of Jaurès' bust. Later in the day crowds that had been parading pushed their way, their banners now drooping, their high, desperate, singing now only a buzz of voices, into the little impasse where stood the house Jaurès had lived in. Desultory cries of "Vive Jaurès!" Suddenly a commotion at the end of the street. The crowd pressed closer, and among those small, dark, frantic faces, set with excitement, shone out a face immeasurably longer and whiter than any of theirs, and, if theirs were human, more than humanly intelligent. In the midst of so contemporary a tumult this calm sensitive mask, those eyes lit as if with the twinkle of all history, seemed timeless, undestroyable. Piercing cries of "Vive Anatole France!" as he moved forward, answering quietly, "Dites plutôt, mes amis, Vive Jaurès!" Handshakes to right and left, of which I was lucky enough to get one, yelling "Vive Anatole France!" as loud as anybody. Only when it was too late did it occur to me that he might perhaps have noticed me if I had shouted instead "Vive M. Bergeret!"

Paul Gsell—lucky fellow—saw enough of Anatole France to make a whole book of the things he heard him say. They are the sayings of the Anatole France of before the war, before he became a Communist, before he won the Nobel prize, and the distinction of having all he ever wrote placed by order of the Pope in the Index Expurgatorius. A very readable and pleasant book it is too, full of amusing anecdotes, of bits of description of how the "Master" looked, how he dressed, how he behaved, how his house was a gallery of rare treasures of art. M. Gsell's chief care, however, is to be a faithful reporter. He has tried to preserve not only his master's words but "even the form of his speech," and as a by-product M. Gsell's own style, if hardly "fluid and diaphanous," is at any rate beautifully sandpapered.

There are some reservations one must make to Mr. Gsell's undeniable and graceful talent as a reporter. Though far from solemn it is still the kind of book that might be written about Saturn by the less illumined sub-caliber planets which revolve about him. The odor of reverence, though not oppressive, is distinct as when M. Gsell says that "it would be a pity" if the Master's "learned and weighty sayings were lost forever," and goes on—using italics whenever he quotes him—to lend weight to a good many remarks which Anatole France would certainly have thought too light to be worth writing down. And M. Gsell, by crystallizing spoken words into something final and dogmatic, has not done justice to a mind one of whose greatest qualities is to be forever exploring,

forever wandering ahead along strange paths without setting up irrevocable milestones to its discoveries. Mr. Boyd (in a good English version) has perhaps underlined this tendency in M. Gsell by translating "Propos" as "Opinions." M. Gsell is unmistakably, if modestly, sitting at the feet of genius, and basks a little in the sunlight he is so generously allowed to share. This not only makes him intolerant of people with the opposite of genius—it makes him record Anatole France as less tolerant of duffers than he is when writing about them himself. Witness the rather heavy malice in the chapters devoted to Professor Brown, who came from Australia to ask Anatole France for a solution of the riddle Why are great writers great.

After getting him at second hand through M. Gsell, to read the Anatole France of *La Vie Littéraire* is to turn from bottled to living water. And to read *La Vie Littéraire* as Mr. Stewart has translated it is to find something nearer to the original than one would have thought possible to accomplish in our language, and thanks to his excellent work, people who have kept away from Anatole France because they did not know French need refrain no longer.

The Anatole France of the third series of *La Vie Littéraire* is the literary critic of the early nineties. In this volume is that masterly and courteous retort to Brunetière, asserting and defending the faith of the subjective critic. I have seen his point of view ably riddled from a strictly philosophic point of view, but Anatole France still seems right, for it is right to obey one's deepest tastes and inclinations, and had he tried to be a different kind of a critic he would hardly have been so good a one. And no one, of course, would care to charge him with the fault commonest to the subjective critic—a lack that sometimes makes the difference between a subjective and objective critic—that he has no background.

Not only has he one of the richest "backgrounds" to be found today, but an immense and tireless hospitality of mind. He disagrees with what a lot of writers are trying to do, but he would not remove or even change them for anything in the world. How, he asks, how is it that Zola "does not see that one is born a naturalist or an idealist as one is born dark or fair; that, after all, this diversity has its charm . . .?" He is perhaps at his very best on Zola, in the *Dialogues of the Living*, where a Magistrate, a Naturalistic and an Idealistic Novelist, a Philosopher, a Professor, an Academician, a Critic, an Engineer and a Man of the World discuss, after dinner, *La Bête Humaine*. A brilliant form of criticism in itself, but particularly suited to Anatole France, who sees Zola in many different ways, and finds this opportunity subtly to incarnate a few of the many sides of his mind.

ROBERT LITTELL.

## Notables and Common People

*Prime Ministers and Presidents, by Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.*

*The Rising Temper of the East, by Frazier Hunt. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.*

IN Mr. Sherrill's book "the reader will meet fifteen Prime Ministers and four Presidents of Europe, four British Dominion Premiers, and eleven distinguished states-

men and diplomats of Japan and he will enter the Chancelleries and Foreign Offices in many Capitals"—all properly capitalized as their augustness requires. Nevertheless, the reader need not feel too much awe in meeting these gentlemen in connection with Mr. Sherrill. "All of these gentlemen with whom I talked knew that I had not the slightest shadow of official standing. I represented nobody officially or unofficially. They rightly took me for a plain, average American. They believe in the United States and in the average American, and to me as such they talked freely." Thus through the medium of Mr. Sherrill we may "be sure of putting ourselves into direct communication with up-to-date political thought on the other side of the Atlantic." It certainly takes a "plain, average American" to believe that Prime Ministers and Foreign Offices represent the up-to-date political thought of Europe, and the belief throws much light on the fitness of an America composed of plain, average citizens to enter intimately into foreign politics.

The frontispiece of the volume is a reproduction of a bust of Lloyd George and the first chapter fittingly is devoted to the same Prime Minister. "Fortunately Lloyd George dearly loves a chat, and the way Philip Kerr, the brilliant, intellectual nephew of Lord Lothian, and until recently the Premier's political secretary, had spoken of me, had possibly piqued the Welshman's curiosity. Ignoring the Premiers who from time to time appeared at the windows Lloyd George received me as if his time were unreservedly mine." Score one for the plain American citizen against the competition of Prime Ministers.

Statistical inquiry shows that of the eight pages devoted to the interview, thirteen lines cover the reported whole of the Prime Minister's chat, and nine of these lines are questions upon matters where Mr. George sought the advice of the plain American citizen. Lloyd George's own contribution is to the effect that "Giolitti is the best of us all." As to France, we get a sketchy, vivid portraiture of Briand, and are incidentally brought in contact with one of the most up-to-date features of contemporary French political thought. "Many Parisians made profits in war contracts, and not a few of them are beginning for the first time to take part in politics. . . . This new force is tending to invigorate French public life, and Loucheur incarnates it to the full." Here we get an insight into the vigor of present French foreign policy deeper than that given by many more pretentious works. Space forbids our further introduction to the frock-coats and top-hats of European diplomacy. Suffice it to say that the last chapter takes us to Asia, to Japan. "There is no danger of my ever forgetting my last visit to the Gaimusho, which was upon the occasion of a dinner given my wife and myself, December 27, 1919, by Viscount Uchida, then and still head of the Foreign Office." One lays down the volume convinced that Mr. Sherrill might have ventured further; he will never forget any of the Presidents, Prime Ministers and lesser notables who have entertained him with affable chats and dinners.

Mr. Hunt collects the common people as Mr. Sherrill collects notables. His self-consciousness takes a radically different turn from that of our ex-diplomat. "I have tried to tell of common peoples and common hopes rather than of great international movements and world politics. . . . of common peoples living and fighting and dreaming of better things." So in India we learn of Gandhi and what he means to the common folk, in China not of Presidents

and Prime Ministers but of the struggling coolie and the students, in Japan we meet not Uchida but Kagawa, the educated man, the scholar, writer and teacher who has devoted himself to the slums of Kobe, "walking among outcasts, murderers and broken lives of the lower depths, preaching a living, breathing Christianity." There are chapters of personal contacts in Korea, Siberia, White Australia, the Philippines—significantly called *Our Own Little India*—Haiti, and Mexico, all vivid and all dealing with the aspirations and struggles of the common people for a freer life. His account of Haiti will not bring a glow of pride to any American reader, little imperialisms, even when of native origin, being no more attractive to Mr. Hunt than big imperialisms of English and Japanese origin. The title of the last chapter sounds the key-note of the book, *The World's Under-Dogs*.

Mr. Hunt's book is that of a newspaperman. I would say a typical newspaper man, were I sure that Mr. Hunt's sympathy and imagination, his gift of penetrating below the surface to the substance of the common man's common hopes are typical. The United States is a democracy; we have therefore no classes. In lieu of classes, there are, we may say, Mr. Sherrill and his readers, and Mr. Hunt with his audience. I like to cherish the hope or illusion that it is Frazier Hunt and those to whom he appeals who are indeed the plain, average American citizens. "We Americans have had much to say of the British in Egypt and India and Ireland and the French in Indo-China and Madagascar, and the Japanese in Korea and China and Siberia. Any of these accused might quite justly say, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'—and suggest that we study our own little conquest of Haiti and San Domingo and our interferences in the affairs of Mexico and the tiny republics to the south." Let the last word be with Mr. Hunt.

JOHN DEWEY.

## Vergil

*Vergil, a Biography by Tenney Frank. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.*

SOME things in scholarship, the general reader might suppose, must have been done once for all, by this time. Take the lives of the classical poets. A few meagre paragraphs in the historians, most of whom were professional myth makers, a small sheaf of allusions scattered through the general literature, and some passages in the poet's work, especially in the work that is not certainly his—that is all there is out of which to construct a biography. Naturally the material has been worked over a hundred times by the classical scholars. Yet in reworking the material on Vergil Professor Frank has managed to get out of it a lot that is new and important. Naturally his biography is a structure of hypothesis built upon hypotheses, but these hypotheses are so skillfully supported by so much evidence, probable, if not conclusive, that the reader cannot escape the conviction that the picture is on the whole true. And if it is, you can know almost as much about Vergil as you know about Keats, Byron, or even Walt Whitman. No, not quite; you won't know much about Vergil's loves or his finances. But you will know by what methods he was trained, with whom he associated, how he worked, what

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his attitude was toward the great political movements of the day.

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## When Greek Meets English

*Little Poems from the Greek, by Walter Leaf. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$1.75.*

*Old English Poetry: Translations into Alliterative Verse with Introductions and Notes, by J. Duncan Spaeth. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$2.00.*

HOWEVER many ways there may be to translate adequately from a foreign language into English there are at least a number of ways by which to translate inadequately. Mr. Leaf has chosen one of these, apparently at random, and he has held rigidly to the letter of it throughout his *Little Poems from the Greek*. There was a time when the simple fact of having made a translation from the Greek was the distinguishing mark of many a well-bred young lady. There was also a time, now happily outlived, during which such translation was the very badge of laborious scholarship. Today it does not seem too much to ask that a translator, even though he be a scholar, in doing Greek poetry into English contrive somehow to produce poetry in English. With the exception of a few of the simpler epitaphs and epigrams Professor Leaf, who undoubtedly knows Greek, has failed to do this. What is still more important, he has failed to make us see clearly that there is a beauty, a spirit of life lived with emotion and intensity behind these selections which he has chosen from the *Anthology*. It is difficult to understand what value there can be in a translation of which it must be said, as the reader turns from piece to piece, "Of course this gives you no real idea of the original."

Dr. Spaeth's *Old English Poetry* which includes examples of Anglo-Saxon epic and lyric poetry, is another story. Perhaps it is easier to translate from Old English than from the Greek but to the uninitiated it would not seem so. Occasionally in the *Beowulf* and more often in the other long poems included we find the translator's adherence to the principles of the four-stressed line and of the medial caesura getting us into rhythmic difficulties but throughout the whole book, which comprises the best and most important Anglo-Saxon poetry we are never in any doubt as to the poetic quality of the original. We are never constrained to feel that Dr. Spaeth amuses him-

self in railroad trains, as Mr. Leaf confesses that he does, with translation as he might with a deck of cards or a picture puzzle. We find the breath of life in Old English Poetry, life and the music of much enthusiasm tempered by a considerable distinction. R. H.

*Where Your Treasure Is, by John Hastings Turner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.*

THIS is a novel of idea, unwavering and concentrated; of theme competently, although too insistently, handled. There is, in finishing it, that kind of dazed and hammered-on feeling which the book's people felt after sitting too long on the white beach of Whyticombe in the concentrated glare of the single-minded sun. Mr. Turner, in writing a better book than his earlier two, has written also a more faulty one; its very sincerity and zeal for truth have betrayed it into an overstressing of the point and into a fallacious technique by which incongruous fairy-tale methods are dragged into a story of the most actual kind. L. T. N.

## Books of the Month

- Soliloquies in England and More Soliloquies  
by *George Santayana*. (Scribners; \$3.50)
- The Outline of Science, Vols. I and II  
edited by *J. Arthur Thomson*. (Putnam; \$3.75 each)
- Books and Characters, French and English  
by *Lytton Strachey*. (Harcourt; \$3.50)
- Late Lyrics and Earlier  
by *Thomas Hardy*. (Macmillan; \$2.50)
- The Garden Party, and Other Stories  
by *Katharine Mansfield*. (Knopf; \$2.00)
- Ulysses  
by *James Joyce*. (Paris: Shakespeare and Co. 200 fr.)
- Since Cézanne  
by *Clive Bell*. (Harcourt; \$2.50)

### Contributors

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